Farewell Rehearsed—*Allen Tate*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—November 20, 1976, 60 cents

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Thirteen beautiful fine American porcelain china collector's plates depicting the coats of arms of each of our original thirteen states...

**To be issued in strictly limited edition.
Limit: One subscription per person.
Subscription deadline: December 31, 1976.**

200 years ago, thirteen American colonies united to form one independent nation. Now, to permanently honor that historic event, The Silvermark Society has directed The Humphryes Asburn Middaugh Archives to commission and distribute its **official commemorative tribute** to the Thirteen Original States of the Union–an original series of thirteen magnificent collector's plates to be crafted in fine American porcelain china and decorated with 24 karat gold. This superb *First States of the Union Plate Collection* is the **first** and **only** series of collector's plates ever authorized by the Society–a prestigious group of collectors of fine art works.

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A collection of historic significance
The original "coat of arms" was the surcoat, a garment worn over body armor in the Middle Ages, on which knights emblazoned devices so their soldiers could recognize and rally around them in battle. In time coats of arms came to signify the achievements and enterprises of individuals and families, nations and states. *The First States of the Union Plate Collection* faithfully captures the colorful, historic, and strikingly beautiful designs of each coat of arms of our thirteen original states. Complete descriptive notes fully explaining each part of the design will be included with every plate.

Crafted in fine American porcelain china
These outstanding plates will be crafted to the most exacting standards in fine American porcelain china. This noblest of chinas combines surpassing antique whiteness, translucence, and strength unequalled by other porcelains. Each plate will be impeccably crafted by Ridgewood of Southampton, Pennsylvania, premier fabricator of fine-art American porcelain china.

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Delaware

"The First State"

A strictly limited edition
The First States of the Union Plate Collection will be issued in **a strictly limited edition–with an absolute limit of one set per subscriber.** The total number of complete sets will be permanently limited to the exact number of individual subscribers. Once the issuance of the plates to the subscribers has been completed, **this collection will never be issued again.** Therefore, anyone who wishes to obtain this collection at a later date can only acquire it from an original subscriber, at whatever price he chooses to require.

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Upon completion of this magnificent collection, The Silvermark Society has authorized The Humphryes Asburn Middaugh Archives to send each subscriber **a fourteenth plate,** depicting the coat of arms of the United States. This additional plate will not be available to anyone, anywhere, in any other way, and it will be **a free bicentennial gift to subscribers only.**

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I understand that I need send no money now. I will be billed $50* for each plate in two equal monthly installments of $25* each, beginning with its shipment.
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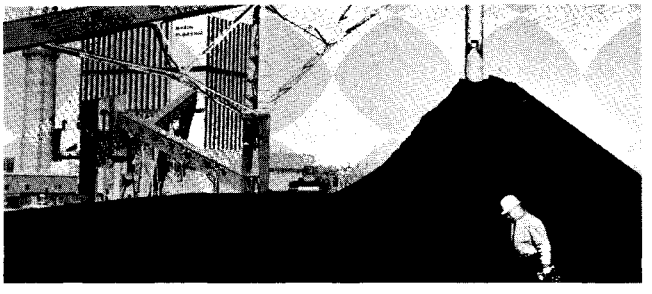
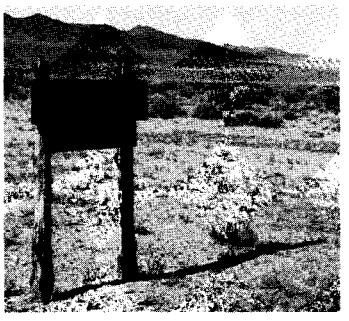
When it comes to energy, we're in the countdown years.

An electrically powered irrigation system has greatly increased productivity on this farm in northeastern Colorado, near Fort Morgan. These huge sprinklers are now a common sight in the nation's millions of acres of once parched and useless land.

Basin Electric Power Cooperative's new lignite-fired plant near Stanton, N.D., is part of a complex generating power for more than 100 rural electric systems in eight states. Long a leader in mined area reclamation, Basin is also researching productivity levels of reclaimed land.



One of America's newest consumer-owned rural electric cooperatives, Mt. Wheeler Power, Ely, Nev., is wiping away the last great power desert in the West. Mt. Wheeler has strung more than 1000 miles of line to serve a few hundred families in Nevada and Utah.



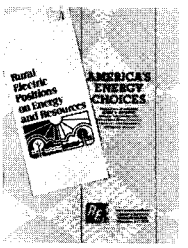
One of the world's largest dams is Hoover (Boulder) Dam, near Las Vegas, Nev. Hydroelectric projects in the U.S. today meet about one-sixth of the nation's total electric energy needs. Few sites remain which can be developed for hydro projects.

Day by day the earth's supply of oil and natural gas—on which we rely heavily—gets smaller. By the year 2000 most of it will be gone. It's a frightening countdown. It wouldn't be so bad if we were not an energy-based nation. But we are. Everything that enters into the way we live in America depends on energy—food, shelter, jobs, recreation, *everything*.

There are several promising possibilities—such as solar and geothermal power—which may provide at least partial answers for the long term.

But for the immediate future we must turn to available alternative sources of energy.

That means nuclear power and coal. We have to concentrate on those areas of development *now*—before the countdown goes too far.



The National Rural Electric Cooperative Association is the service organization for nearly 1000 rural electric cooperatives and public power districts, serving some 25 million people in the U.S. Write "Viewpoints," NRECA, 2000 Florida Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009, for your information packet on rural electric energy positions.

America's rural electric systems

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TRB

from Washington ®
November 20, 1976

Carter's Press

You had to travel in Peanut One, the Carter campaign plane, to get a full sense of what most of the reporters who covered our soon-to-be President felt about him. Part of it was good old-fashioned journalistic skepticism. Much went beyond that—cynicism, distrust, even hatred. "There's something flaky about him." "He's waffling again." "He's another Nixon."

Since the election, Jimmy Carter's chief complaint about his campaign press coverage has been aimed at the evening television news shows. He went into that at Plains the other day with about 30 reporters. TV cameras were excluded from the session. As punishment?

Sitting in Miss Lillian's Pond House, wearing his denim work suit and dusty boots, he was explaining why he decided to attack President Ford personally for a few days, including the charge that Ford had been "brainwashed" when he visited Eastern Europe last year. Carter told how his staff had played re-runs of the week's television news each weekend. Ford, making some announcement or other in the Rose Garden, looked competent, authoritative, presidential. Often the White House was in the background.

Carter's share of the airtime concentrated, he felt, on mistakes. The worst example, he said, was the treatment of his highly successful parade down Fifth Avenue to the traditional rally in New York's garment district. The coverage was dominated by discussion of a technical foul-up that put the television camera truck a block ahead of the candidate's car. He said the contrast was excruciating.

As he saw it, the basic trouble was a deference toward the presidency on the part of the press, especially television. If that were the main problem, everything would be rosy for him starting on January 20. But there seems to be more to it than that, and Carter as President may be in for more of the same.

His bad press was partly his own fault. He made at least four serious blunders, as he himself acknowledged—defending "ethnic purity" of neighborhoods, telling what no one needed to know about his private lusts, classing Lyndon Johnson with Richard Nixon as a pair of liars and cheats, and ruling out the use of US troops in the event of a Soviet invasion of Yugoslavia. On the last, he has since reverted to the sensible practice of keeping the Russians guessing.

John Kennedy enjoyed the best press any President has had in recent memory. He kidded reporters, socialized with a favored few, and actually persuaded some that he liked them for themselves rather than for access to their publications. Looking back, one can see a certain amount of hypocrisy on his part and naïveté on theirs. But his system worked. Carter, in contrast, seems aloof, cold-eyed and distant. Maybe he doesn't particularly care whether reporters like him or not.

Carter's line that went, "I'll never lie to you" needs special attention. He was dealing with a traumatized American public. Americans had been through a miserable decade as far as their view of their own government went. Starting back in the 1950s, they had gotten used to being lied to by their Presidents—Eisenhower calling the U-2 spy plane a weather plane, Kennedy letting on that the US government would have nothing to do with any invasion of Cuba, and the whole series of falsehoods and deceptions by Johnson and Nixon as they schemed to keep the Vietnam war going on so many years.

And then came Watergate and the spectacle of a President being driven from office in disgrace. Ford provided partial relief, but he was still part of the old politics and was tainted by his die-hard defense and abrupt pardon of Nixon. Carter saw the opening and presented himself as a Galahad.

The national press had had its own trauma, of a different sort. Criticism and investigation always have a special appeal. In the case of Nixon, they had been employed against a demonstrable scoundrel and had defeated him. For many reporters, it was their finest hour.

In 1962, when Nixon lost the California governorship and thought that his political career was over, he taunted reporters with the famous line, "You won't have old Nixon to kick around any more." He was premature but correct in the long run. We kicked him around for a long time. Now we don't have him any more. And, at least subconsciously, we miss him. Even this long after the heady climax of Nixon's resignation, we seem to be having a kind of depression. And we've been taking it out on Carter because he is not quite Galahad.

Only an idiot would believe a politician literally who said, "I'll never lie to you." All politicians shade the truth a bit now and then or they wouldn't remain in politics. But reporters chose to hold Carter to his own impossibly high standard. When he omitted the name of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., from a list of great Americans in addressing a white audience, that became one of the lies he said he would never tell. Another was his violation of his own rule not to make the Watergate scandal a campaign issue. Those examples were hardly comparable to Nixon's statement that he was respecting Cambodia's neutrality when he had been bombing it secretly for months.

Soon we shall see whether the narrow moralism that much of the press applied to Carter in the campaign is going to continue, whether the prominent liberal lawyer and eminent radical writer who told everyone that they probably would "reluctantly" vote for Carter will go on with their nitpicking.

If they want to keep it up, there is bound to be plenty of ammunition. For example, take Carter's assertion that he is working on ways to remove the trappings of the "imperial presidency" and for a start is planning an inauguration that will be far more democratic than anything since Andrew Jackson. Then put that alongside Carter's boyish pride at flying in the presidential jet—on a short flight from one part of Georgia to another, no less. And compare it with the facts of his 1971 inauguration when he became governor. There was a 19-gun salute. A plane flew over with a banner that said, "Welcome aboard, Governor Carter!" The speaker's platform was decorated with a four-by-eight foot portrait done in 2000 camelias.

Some show. Not very democratic. But not much of a lie, either, when you compare it with what we've been through.

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Dwindling GOP

After the election, the most curious echo of Republican optimism came from the conservative commentator, James J. Kilpatrick. He noted cheerfully, "There is something refreshing about the shedding of heavy responsibility. With Ford's defeat, Republicans lay their burden down. For the next four years, the Democratic party will have it all." It was, some of Mr. Kilpatrick's colleagues apparently believe, a clobbering the party had to get, a final, post-Watergate purgative. While the road back might be rough, Mr. Ford's near miss at least assures that there *is* a road back. If the party is factionalized, there is still enough of an ideological common denominator to paper things over for the next presidential battle. If the GOP can claim the allegiance of only one voter in five, it still owns a ballot line in every state; it still draws upon public revenues through the income tax check-off and campaign subsidies, assets it shares only with the Democrats.

By statute and judicial indulgence, we have narrowed our electoral options to only two, and 1976 proves that in a situation of forced choice at the highest level—the presidential contest—enough voters will reject the Democrat to prop up the Grand Old Party for one more round. As one of the President's advisers put it, "The party's future is bright enough. After all, we're the only other option." That's all that's left in the account of the party of Lincoln. "Don't rise; let the other fellow sink" is the attitude.

But the account that matters is the one that is registered below the presidential level. In Congress, the GOP achieved only a standoff; its failure to win back more than a handful of the 43 generally safe seats it lost in the Watergate landslide of 1974 is backsliding of major proportions. It augurs badly for the future. At the state level, as recently as eight years ago the Republicans controlled 32 governorships, the Democrats, 18. Today there are three times as many Democratic governors as Republican. After 1968, each party claimed majority control of both legislative chambers in an equal number of states, 20 for the Democrats, 20 for the Republicans. Now there are 36 states where the party that dominates Congress and the White House also holds majority control in the state legislature, and, in 27 of these, a Democrat occupies the governor's mansion—or, in the case of California, the governor's pad. By contrast, there are only four states

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with GOP majorities in both houses (Colorado, Idaho, South Dakota, Wyoming) and none has a Republican governor. In the words of Kevin Phillips, the Republican party is approaching "critical non-mass."

The rebuilding of the Republican Party, if it is to come at all, must take place in a climate of public skepticism, even cynicism, about the party as an institution, and at a time when the party is deeply at odds with itself. However, the future may not be so grim. Perhaps the most energetic, productive period of out-party activity in recent memory began in 1956 under Paul Butler, who took over as Democratic National Chairman when his party held only a tiny edge in Congress and Dwight Eisenhower was President. Butler gathered the party's scattered leaders into an advisory council and provided a unified expression of opposition policy, much of which was ratified in the party's platform of 1960 and enacted into law when the Democrats returned to power in the next decade. Another alternative for the GOP might be a mid-term convention like the one carried off successfully by the Democrats in 1974—not an ideal policy making forum, perhaps, but a means for a minority party to draw in fresh talent and to force itself to frame coherent alternatives to the presidential party.

The other option for the GOP is to remain for the next two years at a factional impasse, to fail to assemble a unified voice of opposition, or, as Kilpatrick put it, to lay the burden down and leave it. If the Republicans choose the latter, they will merely hasten the end, and after the next election we will not be talking of reorganization plans but of benedictions.

Who Keeps the Files?

Public Secrets

The Ford-Nixon agreement under which Richard Nixon was to have been permitted to remove his papers from government control precipitated a legal battle now on its way to the Supreme Court. It was also the basis for legislation giving control of the Nixon presidential papers to the National Archives. Congress dealt with the problem of future presidential papers by the time-honored technique of establishing a commission. Since that commission has yet to complete its work, the disposal of the Ford administration papers and those of Henry Kissinger, stretching back into the Nixon administration, is not subject to any clear guidelines or controls.

From the earliest days Presidents have claimed that White House papers were their personal property which they could destroy or seal as they chose. As more and more of the nation's business is conducted in the White House and the burgeoning Executive Office of the President, this claim becomes increasingly unacceptable and inefficient. There is much in the Ford and Kissinger files that is the nation's business, and which the Carter administration is entitled to have. Other material, which may be truly personal, is entitled to protection.

The files Kissinger accumulated during the Nixon administration would appear to be subject to the congressional act seizing the Nixon papers and the court orders suspending any disposal of the papers without court approval. Indeed, removing them from government control might violate these legal injunctions. The only relevant papers that Kissinger is known to have are the stenographic records made by secretaries who listened in on all of his phone conversations or transcribed conversations from tape recordings. Kissinger appears to be obliged to preserve those records intact and to add them to the Nixon papers already in the custody of the General Services Administration.

In addition to these obligations, there is a general obligation not to destroy files that may relate to criminal activity. Certainly we have a right to expect and to receive firm assurances that no files will be destroyed or altered prior to January 20. The hard questions concern who will keep the files, who will have access to them and who has the right to release them.

In the age of the Xerox machine, one right should be undisputed. An outgoing official should have the right to prepare a copy of any document which he had access to or could have access to, and to take it into retirement, subject only to the storage requirements for any documents that are in fact classified secret under Executive Order 11652. An official needs such files so that he may answer charges that may be later made against him, whether political, criminal or civil.

Questions arise when an official proposes to take with him all of the copies of a particular document. If there were no restraints the White House would be stripped bare. In 1960 and in 1968, every piece of paper was removed from the White House files. The litigation over the Nixon papers highlighted some of the difficulties this caused, particularly in foreign policy. The Kennedy administration could not determine what commitments had been made to the British government on sharing of nuclear technology; the Nixon White House discovered that it had no copies of White House conversations with Soviet officials on SALT.

The problems would be particularly acute this time since much of the nation's foreign policy over the past eight years was carried on personally by Henry Kissinger. Commitments were recorded, if at all, in the files kept in his immediate office rather than in the formal files of the National Security Council or the Department of State. There is no disputing that those documents are official papers of the United States government and that the incoming officials of the Carter administration are entitled to copies of them.

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Eleven times a year, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN brings its young subscribers good fiction and poetry; authoritative articles on science, music, math, nature, astronomy and famous people; lessons in good manners; craft projects; puzzles, games and just plain fun. It avoids any suggestion of violence or crime in words or pictures. Each issue is 42 or more pages long, bound in sturdy tagboard. The type is large and easy-to-read. There are no coloring or cut-out pages, for HIGHLIGHTS is meant to become part of each young subscriber's permanent library.

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One thinks in particular of the records of conversations with senior officials of foreign governments. The Secretary of State has bargained extensively and privately with the top leaders of China, the Soviet Union, Vietnam, South Africa, Egypt, Syria and Israel to name just a few trouble spots with which the Carter administration will quickly become engaged.

Kissinger's executive secretary, Lawrence Eagleburger, said last week that all "memoranda of conversations" with foreign leaders will be left in the files. But he also said that Kissinger plans to take secretarial notes of telephone conversations with him as part of his personal record. It is not clear at this writing how Kissinger's personal notes will be separated from his state papers.

If documents reflecting state policy should be left behind, materials relating to private advice given to the President by his senior advisers should probably be allowed to go. In its decision giving the special prosecutor custody of Nixon's tapes, the Supreme Court for the first time established the constitutional principle that a President has the right, subject to reversal in certain circumstances, to keep secret the advice given to him. The purpose is to permit robust debate in the Oval Office.

The Supreme Court was not faced with and did not rule on the question of whether this privilege can be invoked only by the sitting President or by any President to whom the advice was given. Several lower courts have since suggested that only a sitting President can invoke the privilege. This approach overlooks the temptation that a President might have to release documents embarrassing to his predecessors. More relevant, the fear of future disclosure could have a chilling affect on presidential advisers and determine whether the advice is written down, and, if written down, whether it is preserved. Ford should have the right to take with him all copies of documents containing advice he received, and he should retain the right to invoke the presidential advice privilege against release to the Congress and the public. But he should not keep them from his successor.

Morton H. Halperin

Mr. Halperin directs the Project on National Security and Civil Liberties.

White House Watch

Would-be Transition

Palm Springs

The defeated President golfed and swam and didn't pretend to do much else during the first of the eight days that he allotted himself for rest and recuperation at this desert resort. The few senior assistants who accompanied him instructed underlings to say without apology that they were playing golf or sunning themselves or doing nothing whatever except ducking the smallest presidential press party in recent history. The torpor among the journalists was such that they made unnaturally little of the disclosure that a courtesy telephone call that Gerald Ford placed to Richard Nixon the Thursday after the election had been unannounced for five days. The President's press secretary, Ron Nessen, learned about the call some 30 hours after it occurred and revealed it only when he was told to correct a report that there had been no communication between Messrs. Ford and Nixon. All in all, it was a good time for reflection and for putting together bits and pieces of the election story that had been overlooked during the last campaign weeks and the night and early morning when the result was in doubt.

One of the belated bits was that omens of defeat reached the President and his principal assistants considerably earlier on election evening than was known for quite a while afterward. The managements of the television networks agreed in secret to provide the President Ford Committee and White House assistants with raw data from late polls and projections before the information was evaluated and broadcast. Between six and seven p.m. on election day, when committee and White House spokesmen were expressing confidence of victory, it was apparent to the President and to the very few officials who were privy to the confidential material that the situation was even shakier than they had expected it to be.

Jack Watson, the 37-year-old Atlanta lawyer who directed Carter's pre-election planning for the transition from the Ford administration, met in Washington with the President's staff chief, Richard Cheney. Cheney called in three other Ford assistants—Counsellor John Marsh, Staff Secretary James E. Connor, and Special Assistant Michael Raoul-Duval (Mike Duval for short)—who had previously been assigned by Cheney to do preliminary planning for the transition that was not to be, from Mr. Ford's appointive presidency to his elective presidency. Watson served notice that government office quarters in Washington will be required for a Carter transition team that is expected to grow from about 100 at the start to some 200.

Carter indicated at his first press conference after the election that he hopes to be briefed soon by President Ford and "key cabinet members" on foreign policy. Some of his remarks at the press conference indicated that he also needs solid briefing on other matters. In the first Carter-Ford television encounter, Carter made it clear with a rambling non-answer to a question about "incomes policy" that he didn't know what the term means. At the post-election press conference, Carter said that if the economy is stagnating next January "a tax reduction primarily oriented toward the payroll tax level might be necessary." When he was asked whether he referred to Social Security payroll deductions, which "payroll tax" usually connotes, or to income tax

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withholding from wages, he answered with appropriate modesty: "I think the major thing that I could say without being too specific, which I'm not qualified to do yet, is that it would come in order to stimulate purchasing power of consumer goods among those that might receive the tax benefits."

"It's a little academic now, I think," Jim Connor said in a tone of rueful humor when he was asked a day or so after the election about his work on what would have been the Ford transition if the President had won. It is indeed academic. It also reflects a side of Gerald Ford that might have increased the chances of election if the intended use of his transition had not been so thoroughly hidden. At his instruction, Cheney, Marsh, Connor and Duval lined out courses of action between election and inauguration that would have had him doing what he was widely criticized for not doing during the first two or three months after he succeeded Richard Nixon—that is, moving quickly and firmly to shape his immediate White House staff and key elements in the federal departments in his own image and after his own fashion. The last of the option papers prepared for the President were delivered to Cheney the Wednesday morning after the election. Mr. Ford was so preoccupied with the campaign before the election and so frustrated by the result that he hadn't seen the recommendations days afterward, much less made his choices among them. But it was plain from his initial instruction to Cheney to get the work done, about a month before the election, that he intended to seize the opportunity for change that Presidents normally have only in their first months in office or between re-election and their second inauguration.

The instructions that Cheney received from the President and passed first to Connor and later to Marsh and Duval were essentially as follows. First, prepare for study right after the election clear and actionable definitions of decisions that he would have to make, should make, or would have the opportunity to make, along with definitions of the options that would be open to him in making those decisions. Second, so far as White House and departmental staffing were concerned, deal only in generalities and structure—emphatically not in personalities. Mr. Ford wanted nothing said or done that would have people anxious and uncertain of their futures after the election and that would risk a repetition of the trauma that Nixon induced with his demand for resignations the day after his re-election in 1972. Third, the President wanted no recommendations for cabinet changes; he wanted total freedom to make those decisions without being burdened with staff recommendations. A list of perhaps 75 to 100 key subordinate offices in departments that might call for change would be welcomed—Connor prepared that list—but as for cabinet Secretaries, NO. Fourth, prepare a list of people whom he should consult about staff and other changes. And finally—*keep it very quiet*, again to avoid repeating the 1972 Nixon trauma.

Connor, a political scientist who as a White House Fellow working in the old budget bureau had observed the Johnson-Nixon transition in 1968-69, discovered that he and opposite numbers on the Carter side were getting identical advice from Richard Neustadt and associated students of the presidential process at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard. The advice was to make maximum and vigorous use of the two months between election and inauguration if Ford won, and of Carter's first two months in the presidency if he won. That Ford should do so if he had the opportunity was Connor's only firm recommendation. Otherwise he confined himself to defining the likely requirements and opportunities for change and the options available to the President for accomplishing change. A typical Connor point was that Mr. Ford if elected would have to decide whether to retain, abolish or alter the cabinet-level Domestic Council and its staff. Different ways in which the functions of the Council staff might be enlarged or diminished and in which its place in the overall White House staff system might be changed were outlined in ways that left the President free to do any of several things—or nothing.

Mike Duval, a lawyer with a somewhat bolder approach than Connor's, offered several firm recommendations. He argued, among other things, that a President who was debarred by law from succeeding himself, as Ford would have been at the close of his elected term, could concentrate upon long-term policies and objectives and ride out the political risks involved in leaving to others—department heads, for example—the solutions of many day-to-day problems that a first-term President hoping to be re-elected would have to struggle with. A corollary recommendation was that the President rely largely upon the Office of Management and Budget rather than upon his immediate staff for oversight and, to some extent, topside management of federal departments and agencies. Heavy reliance upon OMB and consequent reduction of the White House staff figures as importantly in the Carter approach to reorganization. Duval, however, also recommended that OMB's management and monitoring functions be strictly supervised and controlled by the President's staff chief and a small secretariat working under him. Drastic consolidations of presidential functions now performed by several separate staffs in areas of world affairs, national security, international economic policy and domestic affairs were proposed by Duval. This probably would have resulted in some reduction of the overall White House staff. But that was not Duval's primary objective. Staff reduction as such is not regarded at the Ford White House as an absolute necessity and good in the way that Jimmy Carter and his people regard and promise it. The Ford view is that it is idle to talk about or aim at staff reduction or

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expansion before the responsibilities to be met by the President and his staff are redefined and determined. A contrary view that presidential staffs since the Franklin Roosevelt days have become increasingly overblown monstrosities and that reduction *is* an absolute necessity and good is set forth by Stephen Hess, a political historian and assistant at the early Nixon White House, in a new and magnificent study of the presidential process. His *Organizing the Presidency* (Brookings; $3.95) is must reading for President-elect Carter and his people. It would have been must reading for Gerald Ford's aborted planners.

John Osborne

Young Activists of the 1970s (III)

Defending The Land

by Robert Coles and Tom Davey

Montana is "the treasure state," and its history has been one of fierce encounters between a naturally blessed land and those who have wanted its riches. Not long after the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1805, a succession of fur traders became yearly visitors to Montana. They were helped by some Indians, resisted by others. The trappers were followed by a greedy horde of gold prospectors. In 1858 the first strike was made; for several decades the state was combed through. There were hundreds of camps in the gulches. (The capital city, Helena, was originally known as Last Chance Gulch.) The fur traders and the missionaries tried to cultivate the friendship of the Indians. They respected the land, at least. The gold-hungry explorers and miners felt no such restraint. They pushed, pried, dug; they tore up the earth, cut down trees, grabbed what they could find. They stirred up the Indians, and then fought them mean and hard. The gold diggers belonged to a nation intent on "manifest destiny"; soon the Crows and the Cheyennes of Montana, as with the Sioux to the east, were confined to reservations.

As the gold was depleted, the newcomers sought other treasure. Disappointed miners turned their attention to the land, began to farm and raise livestock. The first cattle drive from Texas to Montana took place in 1869; by 1883 the Northern Pacific Railroad had initiated regular, dependable service across the state. The valleys were especially fertile; small rural communities flourished: they produced livestock, grains and home vegetables—a hard but satisfying life. Meanwhile, in the early 1880s, copper was discovered near Butte. Over the years Montana came to be run not by herdsmen, small farmers or ranchers, but by the mighty Anaconda Company. (From 1900 to 1915 Anaconda was a wholly-owned subsidiary of Standard Oil.) The manipulative, selfish, brutish arrogance of that company is part of the history of American capitalism. K. Ross Toole, Montana's literate historian, has not neglected Anaconda in his books. His latest, *The Rape of the Great Plains*, is a well-documented analysis of the most recent assault on the American Northwest.

Anconda's successors have ties to the East. Among its children are the Kennecott Copper Corporation and its subsidiary, the Peabody Coal Company. What they now want is coal. To get it, they use enormous machines capable of lifting tons of earth. They strip away layers of soil until the coal is exposed and waiting, and they leave a ravaged land and polluted streams.

For a century giant corporations have grabbed land, plundered it and made billions of dollars for a relative handful of people. Professor Toole spells out the dimensions of the earlier rape of Montana for gold and copper. Anaconda took what it wanted, paid a pittance in taxes for doing so, bribed or frightened potential opponents and, when necessary, fought tenaciously to destroy those who persisted in being critical. The company once went after an economist at the University of Montana who in 1919 had the nerve to write a monograph entitled *The Taxation of Mines in Montana*. In a quiet, statistical manner he revealed how Anaconda was carting away the state's wealth and paying virtually nothing in taxes for the privilege. The professor was abruptly dismissed as a lesson to other geologists and social scientists or anyone else who might have the nerve to stand in Anaconda's way.

Today the giant coal companies are more tactful.

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They are inclined to make their case with expensive public relations programs. They employ lawyers and lobbyists, and they spend millions in state capitals and in Washington, DC to keep the politicians in line. But a company like Peabody Coal can fight hard and rough, if need be. The US has an estimated trillion tons of coal, about 50 billion of which is strippable. Over half of the strippable coal is owned by the federal government; the Indians (Crow and Cheyenne) have about 30 percent; private landowners the rest. One can take a lease on hundreds of acres of land for farming and grazing, only to find that the coal underneath belongs to the United States Government—meaning officials of the Department of Interior. Will Jimmy Carter allow the land to be stripped?

In 1971 a group of ranchers north of Billings organized the Bull Mountain Landowners Association. They live and work on gently rolling hills where for many years they raised cattle. In 1972 those ranchers joined with others from all over Montana; they called themselves the Northern Plains Resource Council, began to educate themselves on environmental issues and started telling others about what the companies were doing to their land. They wrote letters to congressmen and newspapers. But soon they learned that the coal companies, the oil companies and the nuclear energy companies were not amateurs in politics. The companies were not responsive when pressed for details of their intentions, or when asked to modify their plans. When the companies wielded their economic and political power, some of the ranchers were stunned.

We spoke to a 70-year-old Montana landowner named Boyd Charter, who has roots in the West that go back several generations. His life-work has been cattle. He owns about 19,000 acres of land in the Bull Mountains. He was born in Wyoming; his father had worked on ranches for years, taught his children how to survive a hard, frontier existence, told them about legendary figures he knew, like Butch Cassidy.

Charter and his wife Anne reminisced about the old days when Wyoming and Montana were populated sparsely by trappers and cowboys. It has changed, they know, and there is no going back. Then why fight the coal companies? Boyd Charter has no categorical answer; only memories and ideals to fall back upon. "I'm old; I could sit back and watch those companies take over. They came to me at first and tried to scare me. They *told* me what was going to happen. They know they made a mistake. They thought it was 1920 or 1930—when they could drive you out of the state or get you arrested if you dared raise an eyebrow at them. I told them to get out. They told me they'd get their way; they'd have my land soon, and they'd strip if for all the coal they could get.

"I started wondering; I started saying to myself: who are these people, and where do they get their nerve? I'm supposed to be a free, American citizen, but they're threatening me, and telling me it's my last chance. So, I go talking to my neighbors; and we decide to organize. We didn't know what big people we were standing up to. I guess we knew that we were through if we thought about how much influence those companies have, and how little we've got. The fact is, their friends own a lot of the newspapers, and they've been buying up the banks all over Montana and Wyoming. They can foreclose on a lot of ranchers and farmers. They can tell the people only their side of the picture in the editorials and the news stories. That's *their* freedom. If you don't have millions of dollars, you're not so free to speak and get yourself heard!

"One of those coal company flunkies (a lawyer maybe) came back, when he saw we weren't going to fold before them—say thank you for their dollars and watch our land get torn apart. He said everyone has a price. He told me I can have anything I want. He told me he'd leave me a blank check! They say the land is worth millions, seven or eight million or more, to be exact. But we're not fighting so that we can sell for a higher price. We're fighting for the land. We're fighting for America. We can't just let the country tear up its land, and ruin its water, just because a few big companies want to have everything their way—not just make a lot of money, like they always do, but make as much money as they can get, and more! The people of Montana had to fight these companies in the past, to get them to pay *any* taxes to the state. They don't care about the land, the air, the water, the scenery, the people and how they live. They'll bring in their shanty-towns. They'll tear up all of eastern Montana. In one letter from an official of the Peabody Coal Company we were told this: 'Scenic sites are a matter of personal opinion; to many Western Montanans, Eastern Montana is one great big ugly.' The man who wrote that is Director of Conservation!

"I'll die soon. I want to die with my self-respect. I want to die knowing that I wasn't pushed aside or bought out or scared to my groveling knees by some subsidiary of a giant conglomerate."

It is an extraordinary coalition that is fighting the strip miners in Montana. The Northern Plains Resource Council, as it is called, is made up of middle-aged and elderly ranchers, among the nation's most conservative citizens, and young people with energy and determination. The ranchers are not easily bossed; they have not fought coal and oil companies only to take orders from opinionated, smug and self-righteous college students. The Council's members are working people; they rise with the sun and are still at chores in the evening. Their sons and daughters work just as hard. They have little time to spare in a battle against an army of lawyers, business executives, public relations experts and lobbyists. They do not have the expertise of the economists, geologists, and agronomists, who are ready in a flash (and for no small sum of money) to offer a veneer of academic respectability for whatever plans

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various corporations have in mind.

To fight such opponents one needs full-time allies, ready and able to put in long hours for little or no pay. These allies must be equipped to respond to the various editorial writers, mining engineers, legislative aides and skilled propagandists who work for the richest corporations in America.

Pat Sweeney, one of the young activists who works with the Council, drove us (and two sons, who came along for the ride) north of Billings to spend some time with the ranchers. Our driver pointed out ranches, hills, streams, and the land his grandfather had homesteaded a long time ago. In the car the children watched and listened as one of Professor Toole's recent students spoke: "I'm just out of college. I haven't decided on a career yet—maybe law. When you see what company lawyers pull on the public, you want to become another kind of lawyer! I'm lucky to be doing this work. I've heard about ranching and farming since I was a boy, but I grew up in Billings—a Montana version of the city boy! Then I read a lot in college and I discovered that the history of this state (and I guess the history of America) is the history of a struggle between the power of big corporations and the interests of plain, ordinary people.

"We're not a few rich people, who want a 'scenic view'; the people on the Council are the hardest working people in the country, and a lot of them could become millionaires overnight if they sold out to the coal or oil or power companies. Instead, they keep going, as they always have, and they're not doing so well. The cattle market is low, *very* low. The small farmer is having a bad time. I wonder, sometimes, why these people don't quit and walk away—rich! But they are proud; and they love their work; and they love this country. A lot of them—they admit it—are beginning to talk like the Indians.

"There are so many ways to get the energy we need without destroying the West. It's not a question of being 'against' energy. It's an ethical question, really. Are the large corporations going to come here and take what they want, and take it cheap, dirt cheap, and sell it for a big profit? That's what they've always done. They do it abroad. They do it here. Don't they have a responsibility to take something carefully and wisely—to work with the people in a state like this, or in a foreign country, rather than pay them as little as possible: buy the land, avoid taxes, offer the lowest wage possible?"

Young Western activists like him have not won their battle with the giant corporations. But they have helped forestall the rape of Montana.

Look Through the Bars

Imprisoned Americans

by Anthony Astrachan

(This is the first of two articles on the crisis facing the US penal system.—The Editors)

More Americans are in prison than ever before in the nation's history. To both the people who run prisons and the people who live in them, overcrowding means more tension, more danger of assault, strikes, riots and death. Crowding was one cause of the 1971 uprising at the Attica, NY prison in which 43 men were killed—all but four by state police and prison officers. It's a perennial problem for people involved in what is euphemistically called "corrections."

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"Race, drugs, every problem you meet on the street you meet in prison—but incredibly magnified when you live one foot from the next guy," says Allen Ault, Georgia's Commissioner of Offender Rehabilitation. "When you go to bed at night you don't know if you're going to wake up alive or a virgin." Ault's prisons have nearly 12,000 inmates in 28 institutions designed for 8000, most of them in crowded dormitories.

It's often worse in cells. "In a two-man cell, when the other man gets up to use the commode or talk through the bars, you got to lie down. You go crazy. Sex is not the worst thing. A bad cell partner can make you kill him," says a prisoner in Cell Block One of South Carolina's Central Correctional Institution. "Even in a one-man cell, you feel the pressure. When they open

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the doors at 7 a.m., you feel so glad you run out."

Cell Block One, built in the 1860s, has granite walls two feet thick. Its 280 cells held 427 men last month; a few months earlier, it held 550. Each cell is five feet wide, eight feet long and seven feet high. Five tiers of cells are stacked atop one another, each with a window to the outside and a barred door facing in onto a roofed-over courtyard that must be lit by hanging lamps even at noon. The top tier holds men being punished for infractions of the prison rules. They spend three months to one year in "lockup," and are allowed two hours in the yard once a week if the weather is good, and one shower a week. A corrections officer on the top tier, trying to help a reporter, peers into a cell and asks, "Ain't you overcrowded in there?" A voice filters out from the lower bunk: "Naw. We only got two in here."

Federal Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr., ruled this year that the Alabama prison system was "barbaric and inhumane"; he cited among many shortcomings, "bunks . . . packed together so closely that there is no walking space between them . . . mattresses spread on floors in hallways and next to urinals . . . In one area at Draper, housing well over 200 men, there is one functioning toilet."

These examples come from the South, but the problem is national. At the beginning of this year, there were a record 249,716 persons in state and federal prisons, according to a survey by *Corrections Magazine*—up 11 percent from a year earlier. The number has grown since then, though probably at a slightly slower rate. It does not include inmates of city or county jails.

Attention has focussed on the South because federal courts have ruled that Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi and Virginia are running prisons that violate the Constitutional protection against cruel and unusual punishment, with overcrowding among the chief offenses. South Carolina and Florida had the highest rates of increase in prison population last year—38 percent. North Carolina, Georgia, South Carolina and Florida have the highest number of inmates per 100,000 people of all the states in the union. But northern states also suffer. Ohio has 12,600 prisoners—2,400 more than its institutions were designed for. Michigan's prison population grew 25 percent last year and is now close to 12,000—nearly half of them in the world's largest walled prison, at Jackson.

The problem is complex, but can be reduced to general terms: The public sees more crime and demands more "law and order," but is unwilling to pay the real costs. Though more people are sent to jail, no one wants to pay for new jails to house them. Prisoners are warehoused in inhumane and degrading conditions, reducing the chance that they will ever learn to see society in any but the most cynical light. Prison crowding brings the judiciary and state and local governments into conflict, and judges tell public officials they are violating the law. The best corrections officials, who aspire to turn criminals into good citizens, find themselves reduced to keepers of an American gulag archipelago—victims, like the inmates in their charge, of a society that does not understand the problem and doesn't care.

Prison troubles seem to begin when a rising crime rate evokes a rising demand for "law and order." In fact, there is little correlation between the crime rate and the incarceration rate. FBI figures map out a steady rise in the number of violent crimes, gently rising in the '50s and early '60s, steep since 1965. The ratio of people in prison to those outside went up in the '50s, down slightly in the '60s, and started to soar in 1973.

FBI figures deal only with reported crimes. The number actually committed is many times greater, which increases the disparity between crime and incarceration rates. Most "perpetrators" are never caught. Many who are caught are given light sentences in the plea-bargaining system that the courts have devised to speed up the process of trial and conviction. In some states, *two-thirds of those convicted* are given probation rather than prison sentences. By one estimate, an adult burglar runs only 24 chances in 10,000 of being sent to prison for any offense—which only increases feelings of injustice among those who happen to go to prison.

William Nagel of the American Foundation Institute of Corrections has done a set of analyses that suggest that a state's incarceration rate does not reflect the crime rate at all. Only six of the 15 states with the highest ratio of prisoners to non-prisoners are also among the 15 with the highest number of crimes per 100,000 citizens. (They are Alaska, California, Delaware, Maryland, Michigan and Nevada.) Eight of the other nine states with the highest incarceration rates are in the South. Three of Nagel's other findings may explain why the problem is so dramatic in the South. The incarceration rate—but not the crime rate—reflects the proportion of blacks in a state's population, the incidence of persons living below the poverty level, and the state's conservatism (as measured by the votes of its US senators).

Despite the discrepancy in crime and imprisonment rates, corrections officials, criminologists and sociologists tend to agree that both trends are affected by the economic crisis and the proportion of young people in the population.

The link between the economy and crime is fuzzy. One of Nagel's analyses shows that states ranking high in unemployment also rank high in crime. There is undoubtedly a high correlation between crime and unemployment among black youth in Detroit or Atlanta. But the correlation is low for older, highly skilled, unionized workers laid off in Seattle. And William D. Leeke, South Carolina's Commissioner of Corrections and president of the American Correctional Association, blames not the nation-wide reces-

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sion but the recent boom in the South for much of the region's trouble. Economic development means social upheaval, migration to the cities, more crime and more punishment.

The link between the economy and incarceration is much less ambiguous, but seldom articulated by the experts. The two periods in which the prison population rose—the '50s and the mid-'70s—were the years of the Eisenhower and Nixon-Ford recessions. The period of decline in the imprisonment rate in the '60s coincided with the years of the Kennedy-Johnson boom. It may be that economic fears make people and politicians want to get tough with criminals.

The age factor is simple: people from 20 to 29 are statistically likely to commit more crimes and receive more prison sentences than other age groups. John Flanagan of the University of Wisconsin School of Social Work calls them "the population at risk." This age group grew from 21.7 million in 1960 to 29.9 million in 1970. Today 35.5 million are in this "at risk" population, and it is projected to be 40.8 million large by 1985, reflecting the postwar baby boom. The rise has not always been accompanied by a rise in the number of prisoners. During the get-tough years from 1950 to 1960, the prison population increased from 160,000 to 220,000 while the population at risk actually shrank. During the years of "soft" policy (1960 to 1969) the number of prisoners declined about 11 percent and then levelled off (until 1973) while the population at risk rose. It's the combination of hard line policy and a rising number of people in their '20s that has sent the prison population soaring. Flanagan predicts it will be 350,000 by 1985, and that's his moderate estimate. It could be as low as 270,000 or as high as 460,000.

Much depends on how long the hard line is maintained. Prison policy, as measured by the imprisonment rate over the past 30 years, takes at least a decade to turn around. The current tough policy on crime has helped police and sheriffs more than courts or prisons. The Supreme Court worsened the crisis by modifying its position on the "technicalities" of defendants' rights. The Law Enforcement Assistance Administration also contributed by directing that 56 percent of the $2.6 billion it gave states from 1969 to 1975 go to police forces, with only six percent to courts and 38 percent to corrections. This helped increase the number of offenders caught and convicted (even though the proportion of all offenders convicted has gone down since 1960). It contributed little to presentence investigation, probation, alternatives to prison or prison expansion. It slowed down the criminal justice system by lengthening the time between arrest and trial, and it swelled prison populations far beyond institutional capacities.

A hard-line policy of mandatory sentences, longer sentences and fewer paroles would also increase the prison population. President Ford proposed mandatory minimum sentences this year. Senator Edward M. Kennedy has introduced a federal bill for mandatory minimums for certain violent crimes. Attorney General Edward Levi has called for limits on the sentencing discretion of federal judges and for abolition of the US Parole Board.

These "reformers" are influenced by experts who believe that the "medical model" of corrections, which has been the basis of two decades of prison reform, has not worked. This old policy assumed it was possible to "cure criminals of crime" by tying their release from prison to their progress in "treatment" programs. Thus rehabilitation techniques and indeterminant sentences are essential in the medical model.

But the curative approach has neither held down the crime rate nor reduced recidivism (tendency of prisoners upon release to commit new offenses and return to prison). Most corrections officials, however, do not agree that rehabilitation has failed, according to a *Corrections Magazine* survey. They feel it has never been tried. They would prefer to make education and job-training programs voluntary for prisoners who want them.

The new wave in penology is flat sentences. David Fogel of the Illinois Law Enforcement Commission, for example, has proposed a "justice model." It would divide crime into five categories, each with its own sentence, from two years for minor crimes to 25 years for murder. Judges could vary the sentence only by 20 percent in circumstances spelled out by law. Only offenders who posed a "clear and present danger" to the public would go to prison. Others would be fined, put on probation, or diverted to community programs like work release or restitution centers. James Q. Wilson of Harvard has proposed a punishment model, though he does not call it that, in which all convicts would go to prison, most for one or two years. Society would profit merely from their inability to commit new crimes while behind walls.

Wilson's proposal would certainly mean a large increase in the number of people in prison. Fogel insists that his would not, because it would expand alternatives to prison. Another school of critics would do away with prison sentences entirely, except for the few truly dangerous offenders—perhaps 15 percent of the present prison population. But politicians cater to popular fears and prejudices about crime, and there is little likelihood that prisons will be abolished. There is a real danger that state legislatures might adopt harsh aspects of the reform proposals without shortening prison terms. They may adopt mandatory sentences, make them longer than the reformers suggest, and scrap Fogel's alternatives to prison. That's what seems to be in the air. And courts often reflect the popular mood in sentencing practices. At one Florida prison, the average sentence for those not serving life terms rose from 12 years in January 1973 to 17.4 years in January 1975.

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A Terminal Case?

Fractious Common Market

by Tad Szulc

Brussels

There is something of a cancer-ward atmosphere in the sprawling Brussels headquarters of the European Economic Commission where 10,000 men and women of nine nationalities work to keep afloat the Common Market. The Market is now going through the worst crisis in its nearly 20 years of existence.

The bleak mood in the Berlaymont building, as the EEC headquarters is called, reflects not only the alarming deterioration in the economies of its principal members—most notably Italy, Britain and France—but, even more so, a deepening concern over the future of the European Common Market as a whole. The entire Western European economic structure is tottering because profound monetary inequalities separate the "rich" (West Germany and, to a lesser extent, the Benelux countries and Denmark) from the "poor," (everybody else). This lopsided situation increasingly affects basic trade relationships within the European Community, especially in the crucial agricultural area. It is beginning to produce disturbing political fallout.

There is wide agreement here that the Common Market is in the greatest trouble since the Treaty of Rome setting up the European Economic Community was signed. And 1977 is regarded as the critical year in the Common Market's history; even politicians are aware that the overwhelming problem facing the continent is "Euroeconomics," not "Eurocommunism."

There are varying degrees of pessimism in the huge Berlaymont steel-and-glass headquarters, the great modernistic landmark that towers over the ancient city of Brussels. Some EEC officials hope that the Common Market will muddle through. They are encouraged by the fact that Roy Jenkins, Britain's energetic Home Secretary, will become president of the Commission on January 1, replacing France's rather passive François-Xavier Ortoli, and will bring a fresh team of commissioners for the new four-year term. But others tend to see gloom ahead unless the EEC governments embark immediately upon a series of courageous new policies, especially in the monetary field.

Petrus Lardinois of the Netherlands, the outspoken (and outgoing) commissioner for agriculture, for example, takes the view that unless major steps are taken during 1977, the point of no return will have been reached, and the Common Market will simply be unable to survive. Touching on the most sensitive point, Lardinois cautions visitors that the Market's common agricultural policy, one of the EEC's mainstays, cannot much longer sustain the monetary disparities that have developed. The farm price mechanisms are in danger of breaking down. And, as Lardinois noted in a recent speech in London, "it is not only the agriculture policy that is at stake—it is the entire vision of a unified Europe," when it comes to "monetary disturbances and their effect on farm trade and production."

Except for West Germany, the entire area is beset by runaway inflation (a 20 percent rate in many EEC countries) and stubborn unemployment. The national growth rates are again shrinking dangerously; Western Europe seems unable to work its way out of the recession that started in 1974. The lengthening pause in the rate of the US recovery is further paralyzing Western European economies, stalling any increase in their exports to the dollar market. The monetary picture is growing chaotic. The British pound sterling has lost 25 percent of its value since the beginning of 1976; the Italian lira is propped up artificially (its value dropped five percent in one day in October when Rome briefly removed a surtax on currency transactions); the French franc has hit one of the lowest points in over a decade; and the West German mark has been again revalued upward in October in relation to six currencies in the European "snake" system of floating values. Curiously, the mark's new rise had a more negative psychological impact on the EEC (the commissioners complained privately that they hadn't been told beforehand that it was coming) than the predictable fate of the pound and the lira because it seemed to presage a fresh chapter in general monetary imbalance.

The cancer-ward atmosphere at Berlaymont, as I discovered during a recent visit there, is further compounded by fears that the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) will raise prices of crude oil by 10 or 15 percent in December. It doesn't take much imagination to guess the damage this will wreak on Western Europe which, except for what it gets from Norway's North Sea fields, is wholly dependent on OPEC's petroleum. The higher petroleum bill will mean more inflation, more unemployment, further curtailment in growth rates, and new monetary crises. Oddly, however, Western European governments remain unwilling to join with the United States in a meaningful diplomatic effort to dissuade OPEC from raising its prices.

Largely for internal political reasons, most EEC governments—Britain, France and Italy are the cases in

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point—appear unable to produce or coordinate policy-making on the international economic front; a great many other structural problems of the Common Market—the blind insistence of member governments on creating unmanageable milk and dairy product surpluses and the emerging squabbles over fishing rights in European waters are the most recent examples—stem from this political paralysis.

The way the Common Market crisis is shaping up, it may quickly turn into the most serious long-range problem for the Carter administration, one that cannot be handled on an emergency basis. It will be a major challenge because the United States is not only concerned about Europe in its own right, but because the American economy (as well as the Japanese economy, which is tied to Western Europe's) would be instantly affected. Export markets for American products would shrink—and American jobs would be further jeopardized—if Western Europe continues its decline or if a new set of individual protectionist policies replaces the Common Market system. The Market, though far from being fully satisfactory to the United States, is still better than bilateral quarrels. Given the protectionist mood in the United States, a trade war could develop in the United States-EEC-Japan triangle, which no one could win.

The Carter administration's first objective thus ought to be to concentrate on inter-dependence between the United States and Western Europe, and to convey its views effectively to the Congress, organized labor and the business community. Simultaneously, this sense of urgency must be communicated to the EEC governments themselves, which as noted above, remain strikingly passive in their attitudes and, for their own sakes, need energizing. My conversations at Berlaymont left me with the impression that many Europeans would prefer to let the United States assume leadership in all the crucial areas—trade negotiations, monetary reform and petroleum—while holding out for advantages in bilateral relations between the EEC and Washington.

A good example is agricultural policy. Senior EEC officials told me that they are unhappy with the United States because it pressures the EEC to sell American foodstuffs in Europe while restricting the American market for European farm products. Statistics bear out this judgment—the EEC countries will have imported $6.6 billion worth of American farm products in 1976 while selling only $1.6 billion of their foodstuffs to the United States—but present political realities in Washington, chiefly US trade deficits, militate against a major change.

EEC commissioners are probably right in arguing that, as one of them told me, "we are trying to send a clear message to the United States that food sales are not a one-way street, that it must be two-way traffic, that Europe cannot resolve its farm problems by opening new markets to American food products, and, that, instead, the Americans must open farm markets to *us*." But here the problem is that Europe prefers to concentrate on agricultural negotiations alone, while the Nixon and Ford administrations have pushed for broader trade talks, with farm products just one of many topics. The Carter administration will presumably take the same reasonable view.

As Commissioner Lardinois and others have stressed, monetary reform—or, at least, a new approach to monetary problems—is vital to the survival of the Common Market in its present form. Everybody appears to agree that half-measures such as the European currency float and its "snake" that replaced the Bretton Woods system of fixed parities are simply unworkable and crisis-inducing. As the United States has rightly insisted for the last five years, a comprehensive monetary reform is necessary. And it must include multilateral trade negotiations along the entire spectrum of accumulating problems, from farm products to non-tariff barriers.

For a variety of reasons, this has not been possible until now. There have been splits within the Nixon and Ford administrations on how monetary and trade questions should be approached. The Europeans, by and large, were less than keen on monetary reform and trade negotiations. The present EEC crisis, however, may be the ultimate incentive for the industrialized nations to take the plunge—but it is imperative for the Carter administration to assume the initiative, and quickly, to prevent economic disaster.

A prerequisite would be a coherent foreign economic policy that, despite frequent protestations, the United States government has never developed. Instead, the US has improvised in moments of crisis. Currently, Washington favors granting the $3.9-billion loan Britain has requested from the International Monetary Fund and the $530-million loan Italy seeks from the IMF. As a practical matter, the United States, West Germany and Japan may have to advance some of these funds to the IMF; and the three governments agree that Britain and Italy have to be bailed out.

The loans will provide immediate relief to London and Rome (but if OPEC prices go up next month, even this aid will be of limited value). It is hoped they will buy enough time to launch policies designed to correct fundamental economic problems. Italy, Britain and, to a lesser extent, France have inaugurated economic austerity programs this fall. If they are successful—and it is a big "if" considering labor and leftist opposition—the slide may be arrested.

Simultaneously, the European Community will need a strengthened monetary system. Otherwise, IMF loans and the austerity programs will fall short of their goals, and the European drama will be played out again in a year or so. It will not be possible to increase the national growth rates by any considerable degree or to do away with inflation and unemployment. The EEC's

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own figures show that the growth rate in the real gross national product of the European Community will have declined to four percent in the second semester of 1976, down from 6.5 percent in the first semester. This is an improvement over 1975, when the GNP in the Community declined by 2.5 percent. But the loss of steam in the second half of this year is discouraging.

There are limits on what the United States can do alone, and the Europeans must face their own responsibilities. But this is where European political problems come into the picture. The despondency one finds at the EEC headquarters is indicative of this European inability to cope with the politics of EEC's survival.

One aspect is West Germany. On the one hand, the affluent West Germans (again scoring a huge trade surplus this year) are increasingly reluctant to finance the needs of the poorer members of the European Community. Having already made a direct two billion dollar loan to Italy two years ago and having contributed to a variety of European development funds, the Germans are beginning to feel that, if they are not careful, they too may become victimized by Common Market inflation. As an EEC commissioner said to me, "West Germany cannot alone hold all Western Europe together. This situation poses an enormous danger to the EEC."

On the other hand, the poorer countries in the Market are beginning to resent this excessive dependence on West Germany. Nobody likes charity (the visceral reaction to Bonn's support is that it does represent charity), particularly from the country that launched World War II and emerged a principal beneficiary of the reconstruction period. These are harsh words when one thinks of the earlier dreams of a united Europe, but one hears them more and more in Berlaymont and in recipient EEC capitals.

The political resentment of West Germany spills over into other areas. Today's relations between Paris and Bonn no longer have the cordiality of a decade ago. A good example was a recent commentary in the Brussels daily *Dernière Heure*, criticizing Bonn for naming a four-star army general as secretary of state for Defense and Armament. Heretofore, this post was held by a civilian, and the Belgian newspaper observed that the naming of Gen. Karl Schnell was "without precedent in the history of the Federal Republic whose previous governments had scrupulously observed the supremacy of civilian power over that of the military." The German economic-military power does frighten Bonn's partners.

Structurally, Western Europe has not resolved many of its basic problems, the most important being the delicate relationship between the Brussels Commission and the European Council of Foreign Ministers. It is the Council that makes all the important political decisions, and, increasingly, the EEC Commissioners feel themselves left out of the policy process. There have been recent cosmetic improvements in this relationship (there is, for example, a better communications system between the EEC and the Council). Nevertheless, the Commissioners are often frustrated in their efforts to keep the Common Market going by political decisions taken behind their backs.

A recent instance was the Commission's recommendation that the voluntary system of annual compensation to member states for losses in the prices of their farm exports due to currency fluctuations be made automatic. The Commission, whose recommendations must be approved by the Council, acted in October. As of this writing, the Council is sitting on the Commission's recommendation.

The EEC must also decide whether in the long run it wants more full members. Greece, an associate member, is negotiating for full-fledged membership, but the Commission feels that this will not be possible before 1980, given the extraordinary trade and legal complexities. Greece would add to the agricultural problems of the Community, inasmuch as most of its exports are farm products. The application of Turkey, also an associate member, is not even being actively considered at Berlaymont. But decisions will have to be made before long in the cases of Spain and Portugal (also agricultural exporters) which, freed from political dictatorships at home, desire at least associate membership in the EEC as a symbol of their return to the fold of European democracy.

Richer EEC members are already having second thoughts in private about the admission of Britain and Ireland a few years ago because of the burden they proved to be. There is no question of pushing them out; certainly this could not happen under Roy Jenkins' tenure as president of the Commission. But the mood is somewhat ugly.

Berlaymont optimists believe that the direct elections to the European Parliament in Strasbourg in 1978 will strengthen the fabric of the European Community. However, pessimists say that the Parliament (limited in power) may turn into just another nuisance for the Commission, compounding the problem that already exists with the Council of Ministers.

If there is a bright side, it is that the Carter administration, rhetorically committed to "our traditional allies," is expected to help breathe new life into the European Community. There is some hope that Jenkins will give the EEC the leadership it has lacked since Jean Rey, a tough Belgian, left the Commission's presidency in 1970. There are schemes to make the currency float system operate more effectively—and less dangerously—and a whole array of other short and long-range ideas.

But, in the end, Western Europe must face its problems itself. Otherwise, the current cancer-ward atmosphere at Berlaymont may prove to be an accurate prophecy of Western Europe's future.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Drama of Dreams

The Prince of Homburg (Chelsea Theater Center). Obscured by German political behavior in the last 100 years is an astonishing fact of Western cultural history. There is a line of radical German-speaking dramatists, radical in their views of the theater and of society, stretching from the 18th century to the present, virtually unbroken except for the 12 years from 1933 to 1945. One of the towering plays in that line is Heinrich von Kleist's *The Prince of Homburg*, and now, 165 years after it was written, it has its American professional première.

Two weeks ago *The Marquise of O . . .* arrived, Eric Rohmer's lovely film of Kleist's novella. *The Prince of Homburg* was written six years after the novella, in 1811, not long before the author committed suicide (at 34). The play carries forward many of the themes of the novella, enriches them because it's a more substantial work, and embraces still more themes.

Apparently *The Prince of Homburg* grew out of two quite different factors in Kleist's life: his seven years' service in the Prussian army, between the ages of 15 and 22, and the subsequent impact on his mind of Kant, especially the Kantian thesis that our perceptions of objective reality depend on subjective concepts of reality. The Prince in this play is a military hero seen under the aspect of dream. The basic conflict is between the idea "There is a beauty in duty" and the question "Am I really here?" It's something like a blend of Sophocles' *Antigone* and Calderon's *Life Is a Dream* taken into private precincts.

The year is 1675. Brandenburg is fighting the Swedish invaders. The young Prince is the Elector of Brandenburg's chief general of cavalry, has won some victories and is now given an important part in the plans for the battle of Fehrbellin, with strict orders about how he is to proceed. He disobeys the orders impetuously and wins the battle, but the Elector nevertheless sentences him to death for insubordination. The law is the law. Under pressure the Elector agrees to spare him if the Prince will say he has been sentenced unjustly. The Prince cannot say so. We can call this the *Antigone* element.

But the Prince's life is eventually spared because of matters arising from the dream segment of the play. The very first time we see him he is awake but dreaming, and all through the play—in a wonderful manner too complex to detail here—this waking-sleep element is interwoven. (The director here emphasizes it with a striking touch at the very end.) This "Calderon" element consists of the compulsion to step back from the moment, to see one's self *in* it, and therefore the inability to believe that the moment one has been seeing is the whole of reality. It's the quality that Büchner was to fix in his Danton 24 years later—a man in the midst of violent action who suddenly pulls back to *see* himself in the midst of that action.

As with *The Marquise of O . .* Kleist builds his dynamics on the conflict of opposites: reality/dream, heroism/cowardice, loyalty/treason, sternness/mercy, and more. (He uses again here, as in *The Marquise*, a report of a death in battle that turns out to be false, so we get grief/joy.) This dialectic of opposites keeps moving toward a synthesis, but this synthesis is not really a resolution, it's a perception about "pure" states, about the impossibility of absolutes, including of course good or evil. *The Prince of Homburg* is one of the plays that have made it difficult for succeeding dramatists to write villains.

One can view this play as a theological parable with the Elector as God and the Prince as Man, with God insisting that Man take awareness of sin on himself instead of relying on Daddy for everything, including punishment. It's also easy to view the play as a pre-Freud Freudian analogue, roaming through two levels of consciousness, dominated by a father figure whom the protagonist wants both to revere and to best. And it can also be taken as a cultural-historical statement: the Prussian Kleist trying to accommodate the values of "Prussianism" with an increasing awareness of ambiguities.

Robert Kalfin of the Chelsea Theater Center views the play as a means of questioning the very idea of reality. Kalfin, who is the artistic director of CTC, is presumably responsible for the generally excellent choices of plays in their 11-year existence and is certainly responsible for some of its poorly directed productions. This is his best work I've seen. He adapted the James Kirkup translation. He "saw" the play, he also saw how to deal with this large-scale drama in the small space at his disposal. He commissioned from Christopher Thomas a raked-stage setting with three panels on which light-projections set the place and mood, he has good lighting by Marc B. Weiss and helpful music by Mel Marvin. The costumes by Ruth Morley are Napoleonic and contradict the historical references (as some Shakespearean productions do), but possibly Kalfin wanted to aid Kleist's blow against Schiller-like classicism by bringing the look of the production as close as is credible.

Kalfin has permitted some gaucherie in his actors—especially George Morfogen, the overdoing Hohenzollern—but most of them are adequate. Frank Langella is the dreaming, fiery Prince. Langella pops his eyes a bit to indicate amazed dream-states, but he gets much of the Hamlet-like quandary, the *aristocracy* of quandary, that the part needs. The Elector is K. Lype O'Dell, and he is perfect. O'Dell has authority without pomp, and he gives this key role exactly the magisterial-humane quality that it needs to help the play function.

Thanks, Chelsea Theater Center.

The Ride across Lake Constance and Other Plays (Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $8.95. Paperbound; $3.95.) The marvelous line of Germanic dramatists continues today

Films Worth Seeing

The Clockmaker. Lovely French film, chiefly about two middle-aged men, the father of a murderer and the detective in charge of the case. Politically glib but rich.

The Marquise of O. . . Eric Rohmer's exquisite film "placement" of Kleist's novella, in Kleist's language. A gem.

The Memory of Justice. Marcel Ophuls' huge, hugely intelligent essay on justice, beginning with Nuremberg and moving outward. Most of it beautifully made, all of it most welcome.

The Seven-per-cent Solution. Sherlock Holmes meets Sigmund Freud—and high time, too, for both of them. A wonderfully acted romp.

SK

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with several writers, preeminent among them Peter Handke, who is Austrian. Here is his second collection of plays; his first was *Kaspar and Other Plays* (*TNR*, Feb. 28, '70). Since then American publishers have brought out two of his novels, a unique memoir of his mother, and two books of poetry, none of them less than exceptional. He is 34.

I reviewed the title play in this new book when it was produced at Lincoln Center (*TNR*, Feb. 5, '72). A rereading prompts further thoughts, but space-limits press me to the newer parts of the book. There are four short plays (one of them, *My Foot My Tutor*, was produced by CTC), each of slender but sure interest. The longest play in the book, and the prize, is *They Are Dying Out*, a work of beauty and power. (I'm told that when it was produced at the *Schaubühne* in Berlin, the leading role was played by Bruno Ganz, who is the Count in *The Marquise of O . . .*—and who has also played the hero of *The Prince of Homburg* at the *Schaubühne*!) Michael Roloff, who translated most of this book alone, had the help of Karl Weber on this play, and the result is very actable English.

Not only is Handke in the line that includes Kleist, *They Are Dying Out* is itself related, I think, to *The Prince of Homburg*. This new play deals with the motions of dailyness—in big business now, not in military exploit—carried out by a man who *sees* his life as he lives it, who speaks the usually private strophes of longing and loveliness under the thousand trifles of the day, who feels the veil of dream around the motion.

The two acts are about two meetings of capitalist chiefs, one woman among them. Oversimplifying, we can say that Kleist is Schiller, plus. (A poetry of doubt and immediacy.) Similarly, we can say that Handke is Bertolt Brecht and Ernst Toller, plus. This play would be a quasi-expressionist satire of capitalist maneuver, strong but only one more such, except that Handke keeps "zooming in" for secrets. With the spoken, he has braided the usually unspoken, two consciousnesses equally present on the plane of the theatrical present. It's a new style for the protean Handke, poignant, truthful, fine.

At the moment I don't know of a forthcoming US production. I hope there will be one—many—soon. More to be said then.

FAREWELL REHEARSED

I. TO MY SON BENJAMIN

Aged Six

Come to me darling little Ben,
And let's play pinching-bug again.
I love you as my spirit's leaven
To teach me how it is in heaven,
Where all is love; stay by me, son,
That I may know that love is One.

II. TO MY SON JOHN

Aged Eight

My darling boy whom I shall never know,
My son, I love you in my deepest fears,
I'll love you when my eyes, grown cold
as snow,
Will freeze to hide their moment's joyous tears
When gazing on your happy little face
Which I'll take with me to the fount
of grace.

III. TO MY WIFE HELEN

When I have reached the shady underground
With but sad hope of coming up again,
I shall implore your ghost to hover round
And guide me to a land of lucky men,
Even luckier than the land that I had left
Where love of you was all the air I breathed,
And once I'd left it I was love-bereft,
For with sad hope my empty spirit seethed.

—*Allen Tate*

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The Year's Books

(Part I)

Harold Bloom on Poetry

Few years in our national history have been richer in published volumes of poetry than 1976. Two books in particular—by Robert Penn Warren and James Merrill—seem certain to join the canon of American verse, but there is such an abundance of fine work that an annual reviewer must risk many errors and potential injustices in order to say anything at all useful in his brief space.

Whitman, anonymously and sublimely reviewing himself in 1885, proclaimed: "The style of these poems, therefore, is simply their own style, just born and bred. Nature may have given the hint to the author of the *Leaves of Grass*, but there exists no book or fragment of a book which can have given the hint to them." We know (as Whitman did) that he was not what Beddoes called "the red outline of beginning Adam." His literary father, Emerson, sprawls in many strong lines of Whitman's first book. More than a century later, American poetry is haunted by a series of giant forms: Emerson, Whitman, Dickinson, Frost, Stevens, Pound, Williams, Eliot, Crane and others. The great event in this year's poetry is that Robert Penn Warren, at 70, indisputably clears a space for himself in that strong series.

Warren's *Selected Poems, 1923-1975* (Random House; $15) opens with 10 poems of 1975 not previously collected. This sequence maps out an all-but-final vision, from the opening line: "Here is the shadow of truth, for only the shadow is true," to the closing question which is also the sequence's title: "Can I see Arcturus from where I stand?" Warren's stance is now that of the American Sublime, prefigured in his antagonist Emerson's great outcry in the *Journals* of September 1886: "There may be two or three or four steps, according to the genius of each, but for every seeing soul there are two absorbing facts,—*I and the Abyss*." Having taken his four steps (at least), Warren now confronts the abyss with the formidable fiction of his own poetic self. His vision of an *Evening Hawk* becomes the way we now are compelled to see Warren: "Look! look! he is climbing the last light/ Who knows neither Time nor error, and under/ Whose eye, unforgiving, the world, unforgiven, swings/ Into shadow." The wealth of Warren's half-century of poetry can be suggested by juxtaposing the last volume of verse that can sustain comparison with it—the *Selected Poems* of Wallace Stevens that Holly Stevens edited in 1971, as *The Palm at the End of the Mind*. Our nation, necessarily slow to recognize its own sublimities, again has a living poet comparable in power to Stevens or to Frost.

Warren's greatness has been palpable, at least since his three previous books—*Incarnations*, *Audubon* and *Or Else*. James Merrill, now 50, had convinced many discerning readers of a greatness, or something like it, in his first six volumes of verse, but until this year I remained a stubborn holdout. The publication of *Divine Comedies* (Atheneum; $8.95) converts me, absolutely if belatedly, to Merrill. Technically, Merrill began as a master, but even *Braving the Elements* (1972) seemed to stay within a too-conscious control, as though Merrill were too fine an artist to accept ultimate risks. *Divine Comedies* is an astonishing return-of-the-repressed, an American book that dares everything in order to achieve what Emerson called the essential American trope of power: *surprise*. The book's eight shorter poems surpass nearly all the earlier Merrill, but its apocalypse (a lesser word won't do) is a 100-page verse-tale, *The Book of Ephraim*, an occult splendor in which Merrill rivals Yeats' *A Vision*, Stevens' ghostly *The Owl in the Sarcophagus*, and even some aspects of Proust. I don't know that *The Book of Ephraim*, at least after some dozen readings, can be overpraised, as nothing since the greatest writers of our century equals it in

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Last year, William F. Buckley, Jr. took a vacation from politics for his first love – sailing. AIRBORNE is the log of that trans-Atlantic voyage with his 22-year-old son and friends aboard his 60-foot schooner the Cyrano. While the renowned Buckley humor is turned on himself and his shortcomings as captain, navigator, and den-father, he is eloquent and gentle in his portraits of his companions at sea.

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– PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

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– ALISTAIR COOKE

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daemonic force. Merrill has written an uncanny romance of dallying with the spirit-world that moves with the dangerous persuasiveness of an excessive fiction, yet nevertheless interprets itself as though it had, for its author, proper as well as figurative meaning. Directly autobiographical, the poem creates an obsessive cosmos of mediums, singular reincarnations, and preternatural voices which uncomfortably have a social plausibility that is quite overwhelming. The penultimate section ends with a quietly sinister epiphany: "Young chameleon, I used to/ Ask how on earth one got sufficiently/ Imbued with otherness. And now I see." Otherness, or the overcoming of solipsism, henceforth for Merrill will be an occult journey, and the poetic results, should they equal or go beyond *The Book of Ephraim*, will make him the strangest, the most unnerving of all his country's great poets.

No other single book of this year matches Warren or Merrill, and some of them prompt in me the troubled sadness of wondering what went wrong, a sadness especially provoked by Robert Lowell's *Selected Poems* (Farrar, Strauss and Giroux; $12.50). Lowell ought to have been, with Elizabeth Bishop, the unquestionable strong poet between Warren and Roethke, and a younger generation of Merrill, Ashbery, Ammons, Merwin and James Wright. I am aware that a consensus of critics has so canonized Lowell, but my already intense doubts have been increased by reading his *Selected Poems*, and so I don't believe that time will confirm the age's verdict upon Lowell. The early work, in *Lord Weary's Castle*, is not often so finely wrought as the verse of Allen Tate from which it clearly derives, and its savage indignations are hollow compared to Tate's furies. Readers should test Lowell's *The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket* against Tate's more eloquent and authentic *Ode to the Confederate Dead*, and Lowell's *Where the Rainbow Ends* against Tate's more intellectually founded savagery in *Aeneas at Washington*. Lowell's middle-period, in *Life Studies*, does not differ greatly, in degree or kind, from the bad "confessional" (actually one should say "hysterical") school which it fostered, though there are some moving exceptions in the book. My judgments may seem harsh, but at least Lowell up to that middle-phase still provokes judgment. From *History* on to the present, there seem to be no poems at all, but only drafts of the same sonnets, none of which quite earns the status of being called an actual "revision." Either the age is very wrong about this poet, or I am, and so I am willing to record myself against the age, in order to await later verdicts. I prophesy though that Lowell will be another William Vaughn Moody, and not an Edwin Arlington Robinson.

Prophecy is very difficult with regard to two large volumes that also bring on a certain sadness, Archibald MacLeish's *New and Collected Poems, 1917-1976* (Houghton Mifflin; $15) and Richard Eberhart's *Collected Poems 1930-1976* (Oxford University Press; $13.75). Part of the sadness is that neither poet is likely to achieve the permanent readership he deserves, because of the inevitable erosion of interest that ensues from poetic over-population, as it were. There are endless idealizing obfuscations that beset contemporary poetry, and a particularly prevalent one holds that there is a vast and perpetual need for all the verse we can get, as if the writing of any poem whatsoever was in itself a virtuous and truly "creative" act. The somber fact is that the Western world already has so long a tradition of first-rate poetry that a person can do little else but read it all his life long, and still not get to the end of it. A contemporary poet is in a rather fearful situation, especially since everyone seems to want to be a poet. Poetic survival *is* an agonistic process; it always was, but never more than now. A new poem must make room for itself, and it must do this by forcing all of anterior poetry to yield it some force. MacLeish is a gracious, civilized, humane and genuine poet who has never been able to dispel wholly the shadows of Pound and Eliot. His elegiac language is Eliot's; his language of history Pound's; his attitudes as a citizen and a humanist are opposite to theirs, but a poet's stance *as poet* is always a matter of language.

Eberhart, though more his own poet when compared to MacLeish, contrasts sadly to his contemporary, Warren, when poetic development becomes the standard. Warren's best poems are his most recent; Eberhart's best are all in the first half of his book. The poet who wrote *The Groundhog* and 20 other pieces of singular vision and rhetorical intensity deserves more of time than it may grant to him.

A contrast between Richard Wilbur's *The Mind-Reader* (Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich; $6.95) and James Dickey's *The Zodiac* (Doubleday; $6) again involves two poets who have not sustained the image of their own best earlier work. Wilbur, unlike Merrill, remains within the compass of the formal lyric he once wrought so superbly, and he does not add much that is significant to that earlier achievement here. But Dickey, after the lapse of his later poems, at least ventures everything in *The Zodiac*, a longish poem of some 30 pages loosely based upon a modern Dutch original. Dickey's "drunken and perhaps dying Dutch poet" speaks for Dickey's own will-to-power over language and the universe of sense, a will so monomaniac as to resemble Ahab's, rather than Melville's. *The Zodiac* is obsessive and perhaps even hysterical verse, and after a number of readings I am helpless to say whether, for me, it works or fails. I cannot say whether Dickey has mastered his own language here or not, but I will have to keep going back to this poem, as will many other readers. It ends as strongly as anything in the Orphic and Promethean demi-god Dickey: "So long as the spirit hurls on space/ The star-beasts of intellect and madness."

I move back to Merrill's talented (and overcrowded) generation, with two remarkable long poems, by John Hollander and Daryl Hine, and with no

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less than seven books of shorter poems, by Irving Feldman, Robert Pack, Derek Walcott, Richard Howard, Philip Levine, Robert Creeley and Howard Moss. Hollander, whose poems always suffer the burden of knowing perhaps more than poems should, is at his all-but-best in the delightful *Reflections On Espionage: The Question of Cupcake* (Atheneum; $8.95). I say "all-but-best" because his two great longer poems are *The Head of the Bed* (in the volume *Tales Told of the Fathers*) and the even more Kabbalistic *Spectral Emanations*, recently and now appearing under the heading of different colors in various magazines. *Reflections On Espionage*, like the erotic *Town and Country Matters*, is written by Hollander's left hand, but this gives it the freedom to be an outrageous parody-poem, mocking the whole condition of contemporary poetry under the guise of a spy-thriller. Cupcake is Hollander, done with shattering wit and deep sorrow, while nearly everyone in current verse is marched before us with an almost Popean accuracy and compassion. As a parable of poetic belatedness, and a commentary upon the way poets live and write now, this is without rival.

Daryl Hine's *In & Out* (*Poetry*, Chicago; $10) cheerfully subtitles itself "A Confessional Poem," and goes beyond that entire and benighted school in confessing as much of this poet's early life as nearly 13,000 lines of amazingly good verse can carry. Hine, previously a classical lyrist with affinities to Merrill, reveals himself as a natural story-teller and humorist. *In & Out* is one of the few poems I've read that has everything fresh and original to say about the quasi-identity of sexual and religious experience, but I suspect it will survive—despite its length and complexity—because the reader, once embarked, needs to know what will happen next.

Irving Feldman's *Leaping Clear* (Viking; $5.95) is best in its title poem, and in a loony longish piece called *The Golden Schlemiel*, and in a closing blank verse sonnet to the memory of Lionel Trilling. But mostly this book retreats from *Magic Papers* and *Lost Originals* into a frenzied and evasive experimentation that does not suit Feldman, who is an essentially devotional poet in flight from himself. Robert Pack's *Keeping Watch* (Rutgers University Press; $6.75) has the quiet wisdom, sanity and good workmanship we rightly expect from him. *Maxims in Limbo* compares poorly to the Stevens of *Like Decorations*, which it invokes, but every other poem in the book is movingly closer to home. *Nothing but Light*, Pack's previous book, was better, but even this latest volume continues to show Pack's strength as an almost unique celebrant of married love and fatherhood, subjects by no means favorable to the poems of our climate.

Not our climate, but the Caribbean, is the context of Derek Walcott's *Sea Grapes* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $8.95), a volume always intensely sensitive and, as always with this poet, too restrained. Restraint is cast away exuberantly by the daemonic Richard Howard in his *Fellow Feelings* (Atheneum; $4.95), a book not altogether equal to his grand triad of *Untitled Subjects*, *Findings*, and *Two-Part Inventions*. Howard continues to be most uncanny when he is closest to Browning, and it is not accidental that the most memorable poem here is *Venetian Interior, 1889*, which again invokes Howard's titanic precursor. The largest possible contrast to Howard's *unheimlich* apostrophes is provided by the ruggedly simplistic nostalgias of Philip Levine in his immensely moving *The Names of the Lost* (Atheneum; $3.95). This is essentially a book of belated elegies for the Spanish anarchists, but Levine has the control of pathos necessary to prevent any mere study of the nostalgias. *For the Fallen*, an elegy for the Durruti brothers, may be the finest of these poems, but every page of the book is marked by a severe and appropriate eloquence.

Eloquence is precisely what the *Selected Poems* (Scribner's; $7.95) of Robert Creeley discarded from the start. Here, as with Lowell, I can only take up the burden of dissent, though this is directed at a different academy (but an academy nevertheless). There are many readers for whom Creeley is the legitimate heir of William Carlos Williams, and these *Selected Poems* will confirm that genealogy, for them. Creeley is impressive as to all the things he *avoids* doing, but his minimalist art seems unable to avoid presenting its own minimalism as our esthetic reward. I turn instead to *A Swim off the Rocks* by Howard Moss (Atheneum; $4.95), a superb book of light verse, which culminates in a marvelous poem, not so very light, called *Horror Movie*, with its sublime closing couplet: "Make the blood flow, make the motive muddy:/ There's a little death in everybody."

The year's best book of poems from a small press is *Dimensions of History* (Kayak Books; $2.40, paper) by

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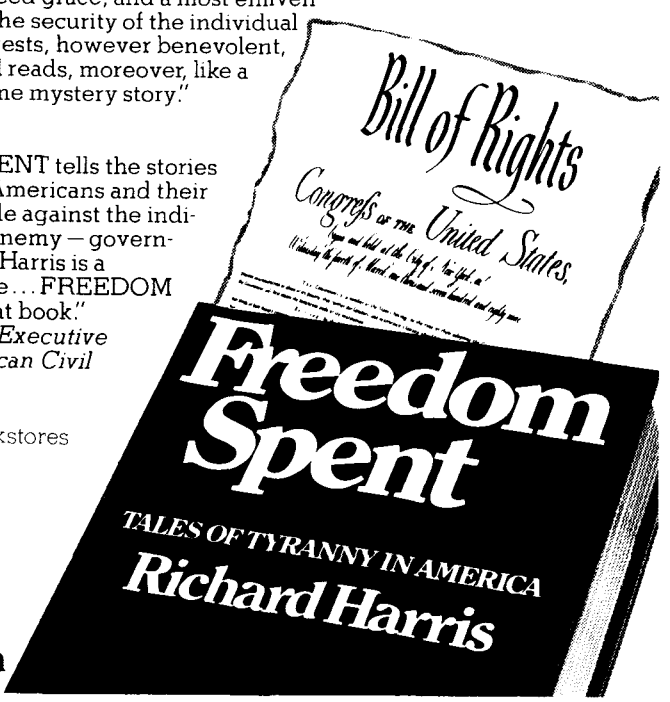

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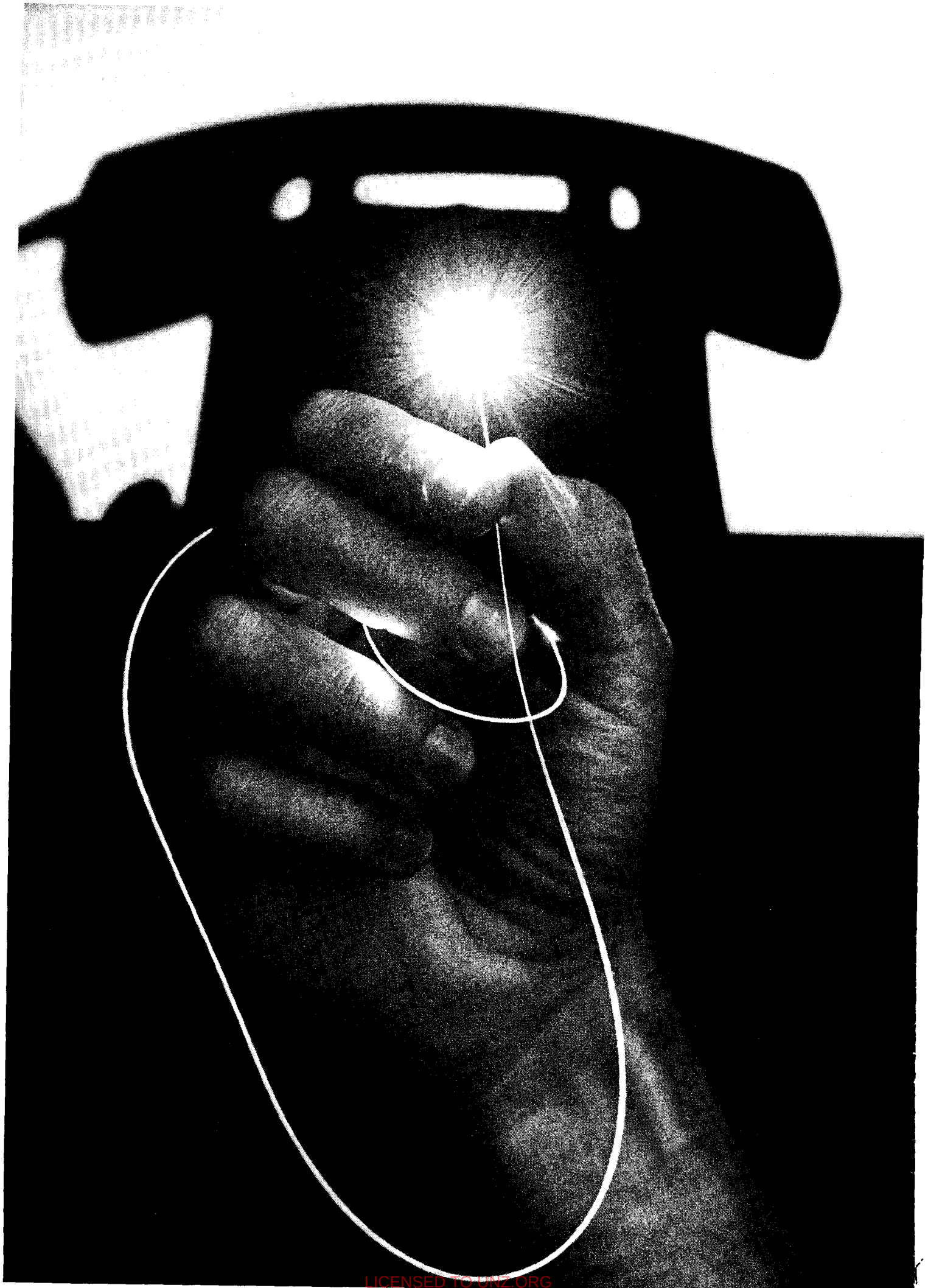

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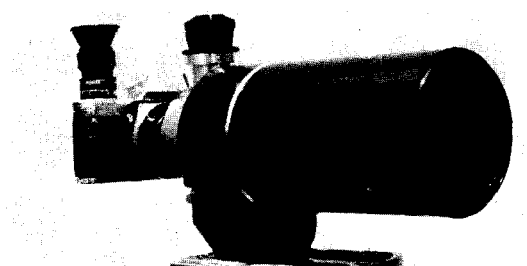

Jay Wright, a very much neglected and superb black poet. This is Wright's second book and is a remarkable synthesis of a series of authentic black mythologies. The poem called "What is True," is one of the finest meditations I have read in years.

As coda I offer the best first book of poems of the year, the best British book, and the best volumes of verse-translation. Alfred Corn's *All Roads At Once* (Viking: $5.95) comes with accurate endorsements from Merrill and Ashbery, both of whom are indubitable influences upon this superb book, which ultimately however goes back to Hart Crane. Corn, at 33, is very nearly Crane's reincarnation. Many of his lyrics would fit into Crane's *White Buildings*, and his *The Bridge*, *Palm Sunday, 1973* and the beautiful sequence, *Pages from a Voyage*, precisely evoke Crane's spirit. Yet the effect is one of loving struggle, of the highest agony of identity-and-opposition, and not of mere imitation. Corn, already a fully formed poet, may become for his generation what Merrill and Ashbery have become for theirs—indispensable.

W. H. Auden's *Collected Poems*, brilliantly edited by Edward Mendelson (Random House; $17.95), clearly stands as the best book of British verse of this year, even as next year's will have to be *The English Auden*, in which the same editor will present early rather than revised texts. Of many good volumes of translations, I would commend *Pierre Ecrite/ Words in Stone* by Yves Bonnefoy, translated by Susanne Lang (University of Massachusetts Press; $8.50) and *The Book of Questions* by Edmond Jabes, translated by Rosmarie Waldrop (Wesleyan; $4.95). But finally, in a class apart, there is Cesare Pavese's *Hard Labor* (Grossman; $8.95) magnificently rendered by William Arrowsmith, one of the century's great translators. Arrowsmith's introduction is the best essay on the bitter problem of poetic influence that I have encountered for some time. Anyone searching for insight into the war of American poets against their own tradition would benefit by reading Arrowsmith on Pavese.

I sum up in a kind of wonder, which is that the Bicentennial year should have brought this country its most indisputable rewards in the art of poetry. Emerson, who had prophesied his nation's greatness in that art, might have been pleased by much in this year's harvest, but probably would have been most pleased that it had remained so much an art of surprise.

Harold Bloom's current books are *Poetry and Repression* (Yale) and *Figures of Capable Imagination* (Seabury-Continuum). His *Wallace Stevens: The Poems of Our Climate* will be published this spring (Cornell Univ. Press).

Carl Sagan on Science

A few years ago, I was asked to serve as a judge for the National Book Awards, in what was then an annual celebration of the best books published during the previous year in various fields, including science. But when I looked more closely I discovered a peculiar anomaly. The National Book Award for poetry was given for the best work of poetry in the previous year; the award for history was presented for the best professional historical study; and so on. But the award for science was given, not for the best work of science but for the best popularization of science, as if Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* were admissable but *King Lear* not. I called this curious double standard to the attention of those organizing the awards, and was informed that no one had ever before objected to this practice, and that, in any case, science was simply too difficult for the average reader. I replied that they clearly had not read the winning entry in the previous year's National Book Award in poetry, and that there was no way to increase the scientific literacy of the American reading public if attention was not paid to the premier scientific publications. Perhaps, I suggested, there should be two awards, one for science and the other for the popularization of science. We presented the award that year to a book which combined excellent popularization with intriguing new insights, Arrieti's *Theories of Schizophrenia* (Basic Books). The

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National Book Awards responded by reorganizing themselves the next year, and eliminating any prize for science whatever.

Science and technology dominate our lives and our civilization. All three branches of the government are increasingly asked to judge on scientific and technological issues of some fair complexity, and yet the number of scientifically trained people in positions of influence in the government is astonishingly small. Moreover, if the general public has a very limited understanding of science and technology there is no way that they can influence their legislators effectively, and democratic control of many essential issues becomes extremely feeble. Not only are the results of science of great importance, but the method of science—involving repeated questioning of authority, the acceptance of no doctrines until experimentally verified, the constant self-testing of views to see if their validity is retained under changed circumstances—might be gainfully employed in many aspects of public policy. There is a great deal of room for improvement in science education in America, including school teachers more comfortable with science, more imaginative school textbooks, greater courage by television and newspapers in presenting scientific topics, but, particularly, increased attention paid to the large number of excellent scientific books which are published every year. The following are brief descriptions of a few recent scientific books which seem to me to be of more than passing interest.

We live in one of an unimaginably vast array of possible cultures. When we examine other cultures, based on different principles or exotic environments, we tend to be self-righteous and unable to perceive that varied circumstances may require varied solutions to human problems. In *Cows, Pigs, Wars, and Witches: The Riddles of Culture* (Random House; $8.95) Marvin Harris, chairman of the Anthropology Department at Columbia, takes us on an enormously illuminating exploration of other societies. Almost all of the material has been published previously in the scientific literature, and almost none of it is widely known in the public mind. Here is India, a nation of 550 million people, many on the threshold of starvation, and yet cows are permitted to wander freely over the landscape, protected by religious mandate and apparently eating food needed by human beings. Harris argues quite persuasively that Indian culture knows what it is doing, and that in the absence of high technology the milk, hide, and fuel dung provided by the cow is an ecologically plausible and perhaps even optimum solution to the problems which face that society. Harris describes the intellectual awakening of Yali, leader of one of the New Guinea cargo cults. The missionaries told the New Guineans that their worship of ancestral fertility symbols was barbarous; but Yali found the leaders of Australian society paying deference and homage to these same symbols in Australian museums. The missionaries informed the New Guineans that their belief in a descent from dogs, cats and other animals was uncivilized; but Yali discovered in a book on evolution that the westerners apparently really believed that humans are decended from monkeys. The Australians stressed to the New Guineans the work ethic that goods, "cargo," come only to those who work hard; but Yali discovered in Australia that the leaders of the society seemed to work not at all. In the face of such hypocrisy was not the cult account true, that great airplanes loaded with cargo and intended by their ancestors for the New Guineans were being stolen by the westerners, despite Australian demurrers? And in a brilliant analysis of witchcraft, Harris argues that the common medieval account of flying witches, most often related by the witches themselves, is due to their systematic application of an atropine-rich ointment to their genital mucosa. Comparable modern day witchcraft is exemplified by the stories told by Carlos Castaneda, who is neatly dissected; his account of flying after application of a jimson weed ointment is a latter day example, Harris argues, of atropine-tripping.

A similar challenge to our perceptions about individuals, as effective as Harris' puncturing of western pretensions about societies, is provided in *The Wild Boy of Aveyron* (Harvard Univ. Press; $15), Harlan Lane's comprehensive discussion of the discovery and study of Victor, the wild boy, found in an 18th century French forest and studied and cared for by a young and idealistic scientist, Jean-Marc Itard. The incident is the subject of François Truffaut's poignant film *The Wild Child*. Here is the real story with contemporary

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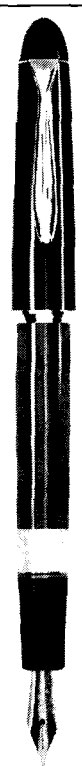
reports now made available for the first time. What is left unanswered is the true account of Victor's origins, and whether his learning disabilities were the cause or the effect of his long wanderings in the forest. This charming and moving book raises, sometimes directly and sometimes tangentially, important questions about the nature of human beings.

The Story of Archaeological Decipherment: From Egyptian Hieroglyphs to Linear B by Maurice Pope (Scribner's; $12.50, $4.95 paper) is a serious introduction, at just the right level of detail for the general public, on the gradually emerging understanding of the nature of ancient written languages, one of the major intellectual accomplishments of the last few centuries. The book is charmingly illustrated and rich in provocative historical vignettes, including a thorough exposition of the prevailing early idea that Egyptian hieroglyphics were ideographic rather than mainly syllabic in structure. Many detailed and totally erroneous translations of hieroglyphic language were confidently put forward and published prior to Champollion's decrypting, and provide an object lesson on how easily we can be fooled if we do not demand rigorous standards of evidence. A related decrypting of an only slightly different sort is described in Robert Olby's *The Path to the Double Helix* (Univ. of Washington Press; $23.50), a comprehensive account of the history leading up to the monumental discovery by Watson and Crick of the structure of DNA, the molecule responsible for heredity in human beings and all the other plants and animals on the planet Earth. Olby's narrative is much broader than the fascinating but anecdotal approach in Watson's book, *The Double Helix*. It is a thoroughgoing account of one of the major scientific detective stories of our time, rich in the false starts, dead ends, and promising but unpursued early insights which often characterize the scientific enterprise.



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Science can be conveyed not only through expository books but through fiction and poetry. Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow* uses scientific ideas in the same way that allusions to Greek and Roman mythology were common in western prose and poetry in the 17th through 19th centuries. Paul West's *Gala* (Harper and Row; $10), is a kind of sequel to his much acclaimed and extraordinarily sensitive *Words for a Deaf Daughter*, a nonfiction work about his brain-injured child. *Gala* is a kind of wish fulfillment of a hoped-for but unrealized summer visit by his daughter. It is notable for many reasons, one of which is its rich use of scientific facts and metaphor in the development of the story. Major ideas in astronomy and in the genetic code are woven skillfully into the text both overtly and subtly; and *Gala* is surely the first work of fiction to contain a table showing the complete translation of all 64 nucleotide triplets in the genetic code into the 20 amino acids and three code punctuation marks which dominate life on Earth.

Diane Ackerman has produced a stunning book of poetry in *The Planets: A Cosmic Pastoral* (William Morrow; $6.95), the result of a year's immersion in the recent findings in planetary astronomy. The work is scientifically accurate and even a convenient introduction to modern ideas on the planets, but much more important, it is spectacularly good poetry, clear, lyrical and soaring:

> Those whom the darts
> Of wonder never fret
> May think it odd
> That on a vapory midday in July
> A young woman
> Might take to the stars.
> To these poorer souls,
> How can I explain
> What their own hearts refuse?
> My need to know yammers
> Like a wild thing in its den.
> I see above me Andromeda
> In whose black bosom
> Galaxies swirl like pastry
> And I am so hungry . . .
> I return to Earth now
> As if to a previous thought
> Alien and out of place
> Like a woman who,
> Waking early each day,
> Finds it dark yet
> And all the world asleep.
> But how could my clamorous heart
> Lie abed, knowing all of Creation
> Has been up for hours?

One of the triumphs of Ackerman's pastoral is the demonstration of how closely compatible planetary exploration and poetry, science and art really are.

Around the turn of the century planetary astronomy was in a certain sense dominated by the presence of Percival Lowell, a Boston Brahmin, diplomat turned astronomer, who established an observatory bearing his name in Flagstaff, Arizona, and devoted himself to the study of other worlds. Lowell is most prominently known for his observations of a network of "canals" on Mars, which he attributed to a race of intelligent beings on that planet enamored of hydraulic engineering; and for his calculations suggesting the existence of a trans-Neptunian planet. We know the canals not to exist at all, being an artifact of the imprecision of the human hand-eye-brain combination; and, while Lowell's initiative in fact led to the discovery of the planet Pluto, his calculations are now known, ironically, to be erroneous. The controversies and jealousies that marked Lowell's life and the many sides of his personality are skillfully laid out in *Lowell and Mars* by William Graves Hoyt (Univ. of Arizona Press; $13.95). Lowell was an extraordinarily effective popularizer of science, both in speech and in writing, and, while he infuriated much of the professional astronomical community (who were in retrospect skeptical with good reason), he also generated enormous enthusiasm for planetary astronomy—directly through his work, and indirectly through such fictionalizations as the Mars novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs—which pointed some of the best present planetary astronomers into the field in their childhoods. The Mars as revealed by the spectacularly successful Viking missions is very different from the Mars of Lowell's romantic imaginings; but, were he alive, I think he would nevertheless be pleased.

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One of the major findings of Viking is that the environment of Mars many hundreds of millions of years ago was far more Earth-like than the ice age planet revealed to us today: the atmospheric pressure was much higher, the surface temperature was probably at least a little warmer, and abundant water gushed over the landscape to form mighty rivers. Mars is a cautionary tale on the possible alternative fates of worlds. If massive climatic change has clearly occurred on a nearby Earth-like planet, we also know from the past history of the Earth that similar changes, of probably smaller amplitude, have occurred here on Earth. We are today, through the activities of man, inadvertently tampering with the climate of our planet. The agricultural consequences of global temperature fluctuations of tenths of degrees work out to billions of dollars a year. A better understanding of the causes and cures of climatic change and the methods of avoiding its direst consequences seems clearly called for, and this entire topic is engagingly treated in *The Genesis Strategy* by Steven H. Schneider with Lynne E. Mesiorw (Plenium Press; $12.95). The book is also notable for its illuminating insights into attitudes in certain sectors of the government. When at a high level meeting Schneider proposed a long term strategy for ameliorating the effects of climatic change, his proposal was forcefully rejected by a senior official of the Department of Agriculture with the comment that the only periods of time which mattered in Washington were the two-year, four-year and six-year terms of office of representatives, Presidents and senators. In fact, the constant pursuit of short-term benefit at the sacrifice of long-term advantage is one of the most serious problems facing the global community. If this attitude persists, we will be eating our seed corn, and destroying our opportunities to solve the extremely serious problems facing us in the near future.

Each year the publishers of *World Book* put out a lavishly illustrated and comprehensible summary of scientific progress in the previous 12 months. The articles in *Science Year: The World Book Science Annual* (Field Enterprises, Educational Corporation; $7.95) are written by experts, cover a very wide variety of subjects, and introduce unusual graphic techniques including transparent overlays and stereo photography (with glasses provided). Among the many excellent articles in

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the 1976 *Science Year* are accounts of the painful accommodations to western life styles of the Kung hunter-gatherers of the Kalihari desert; proposed space cities housing thousands; continental drift; earthquake predictions; the variegated moons in the solar system; novel prosthetic devices for the blind; and the ecology of the manatee, a not exceptionally beautiful marine mammal which sailors on long journeys apparently found captivating—stories of mermaids seem to be due to the sexual deprivation of sailors. There is also a biography of the family of Louis S. B. Leakey, responsible almost singlehandedly for the recent revolution in our understanding of the evolution of early man; and prescient articles on studies which led to the most recent Nobel Prizes in physics and in physiology and medicine. *Science Year* is also a bargain, and makes an excellent present for youngsters 12 and over with a serious interest in science. It can also be read with great profit by grownups.

When works such as these begin to show anything like the same prominence in book stores as the fuzzy thinking and intentional profiteering bamboozles which go under the heading of "the occult," I for one will feel much more optimistic about our ability to face and intelligently solve the many problems which confront our civilization. At that time, too, there will be a great many more people experiencing the delights and joys of discovery, the understanding of the intricate and subtle universe which we inhabit—the intellectual and emotional exhiliration which science provides.

Carl Sagan is David Duncan Professor of Astronomy and Space Sciences and Director of the Laboratory for Planetary Studies at Cornell. His book, *The Dragons of Eden: Speculations on the Evolution of Human Intelligence* will be published in the Spring (Random House).

Frank E. Manuel on History

Paradoxically, the Bicentennial of the American Revolution came and went without anything notable being produced on the age of the Revolution, while slavery continues to be investigated by a score of writers whose work has reached new heights of excellence. Eugene Genovese's *Roll, Jordan, Roll: The World the Slaves Made* (Pantheon; $17.50, $5.95 paper) has been followed by Herbert G. Gutman's *The Black Family in Slavery and Freedom, 1750-1925* (Pantheon; $15.95). Despite different methodological emphases that to an outsider are of no great consequence, this unique American cultural experience has finally found its historians and the silent ones speak at last, even if some of their letters were written by amanuenses or their persons survive as nothing more than names and numbers in a record book. The history of slavery is being told with passion, and every line, perhaps unfortunately, has immediate political repercussions. Appearance problems flourish among these talented unveilers of a rich documentation on black life that had never been explored before. Like a peasant dolt attending a Latin disputation in a 17th-century university town, I watch the vehemence of the contenders with a measure of wonderment. But in the end I come away satisfied that in the great romantic tradition of historiography, which they may condemn, they have made the dead bones rise again.

When you read Gutman's virulent attack on *Roll, Jordan, Roll* you can feel the steam rise from the pages. Fundamental is the argument over the slaves' perception of their owners—an argument that would, I believe, profit from a few deep draughts of Hegel, de Sade, even Nietzsche. At one point Gutman puts Genovese and Fogel-Engerman in a single sentence, equivalent to despatching them both to the same circle of Hell. In his new book Gutman strikes out: "An adaptive culture does not develop among the slaves in *Roll, Jordan, Roll*. Instead, 'slave culture' itself is made dependent upon the 'paternalistic compromise.' Rather than shaping the relationship between slaves and their owners, the 'culture' is 'caused' by the relationship." This is not a distinction for which one should mount the barricades, but it is enough to provoke a family quarrel.

The varied methodologies and interpretation of the historians of slavery, the strategies they have adopted to give the blacks a voice, have been urbanely summarized by Stanley M. Elkins as the "Slavery Debate" in the third edition of his own *Slavery* (University of Chicago Press; $12.50). Some use quantitative methods more extensively than others; some are pleased to call themselves Marxists; some retain the odor of the anthropological seminar room. Often the unfortunate phrase "tangle of pathology" that appeared in Moynihan's old government report is a point of departure. But the whipping of dead horses aside, an observer can only hail the effort of the pugnacious rivals as an extraordinary achievement of American historical scholarship. When I compare this accomplishment to the organized and directed collective efforts of contemporary Russian historiography that one hears about, I feel that the free American university has its own peculiar way of reaching collective results.

Much of 19th-century American History has been too thoroughly enveloped in the nauseating fumes of official optimism to be tolerable to a human being. But slavery has now emerged as the tragic core of American history; the consequences of the institution have refused to vanish with the passage of laws and the import of its historical dimensions has grown with time. Even those of us whose ancestors never heard of a plantation—say Italians or Jews—are living its aftermath. It may be meaningful that a Genovese and a Gutman writing in a new style have become major historiographers of this epic. Perhaps they will set a precedent for giving language to other silent groups of American society, long entrapped by assimilationist histories and "achievement" histories.

The art historian Aby Warburg once employed the term *Psychohistoriker*, and Erik Erikson introduced psychohistory in the subtitle of his book on Luther and in a number of articles. I was myself involved, as I continue to be, in the relations of Freudian psychology and history, though I have tried to preserve my terminological purity and have refused the neologism. But we are a fad-prone country and of late we are being overwhelmed with an "instant psychohistory" that makes me feel like an early church father confronted by the lubricities of Simon Magus. I am now ready to resign from the Rosicrucian Brotherhood of psychohistorians (in

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which I never got through my novitiate).

Bruce Mazlish's "biographical inquiry" entitled *Kissinger: The European Mind in American Policy* (Basic Books; $10.95) certainly has merit over the slim volume on Nixon, published four years ago. It is better researched. But let us just imagine that Mazlish, instead of writing instant psychohistory, had at least had a chance to study the recent findings of Woodward and Bernstein's *The Final Days* (he saw it only after his book was set in print, he tells us in the preface), and had had an opportunity to verify from other sources the moment in the Lincoln Room of the White House when a drinking Nixon was being cradled by a sweating Kissinger, both kneeling on the floor and praying. Alas, book manufacture is not yet as instantaneous as book composition. Why must Mazlish exercise his considerable talents on the anatomy of living bodies when the whole of world history lies behind him unanalyzed? Instant psychohistory on a bed of instant history can be bad for the historical digestion and makes it rather hard on those who have to devote many years, as Mazlish himself did for his study of James and John Stuart Mill, to assembling all the available materials. Overlooking the Nixon book as a mistake and the ahistorical typology of Mazlish's "revolutionary ascetic," I am put off by the macrohistorical jumps to which he has become addicted. The microanalysis of the Mills, father and son, is among the best I know in the literature of those who choose to call themselves psychohistorians. But the macrohistorical chapter in the Mills book on the 19th century and the Oedipus complex left me far behind.

The book on Kissinger oscillates between macrohistory and the flawed-hero-in-history, or even *la petite histoire*. It begins like a pamphlet by an unmentionable political party. "This improbable 'superman,' with clay feet, has contributed to what I refer to as the 'Europeanization' of American foreign policy." It ends with a one-and-a-quarter-page homily entitled "The Future of America," which anticipates, with the psychohistorical gift of prophecy, the inaugural address of some future President. "To cope with these problems and their like, what is needed is an end to the false dichotomy between idealism and realism in American foreign policy and inauguration of a new policy of idealistic goals, realistically pursued. Such a policy, in turn, requires a healing of the split in the American psyche. Our professed values must be clearly reexamined and enunciated, and honestly and effectively pursued in action." Clearly, psychohistory is involved not only with current affairs, but with the millennium. Mazlish has invented a "European mind," found a brilliant immigrant who, like you and me, is a conflicted personality, and after a bit on women, marriage, sex, his parents and background, identifies Kissinger with America and the tragedy of American foreign policy. For myself, it has not been demonstrated to me that a non-European "mind" in American foreign policy would alter things very much—taking for granted, of course, that we do not introduce an "oriental" mind to discombobulate us completely.

The brief psychohistorical study *Hitler Among the Germans* (Elsevier; $12) by Rudolph Binion adheres to an orthodox classical pattern, the discovery of a single, uniquely psychohistorical cause that triggered the Hitler phenomenon, in sharp contrast with the plenitude of social explanations that have been advanced. This meticulously documented work focuses on the treatment of Hitler's mother for breast cancer with iodoform gauze by the Jewish doctor Eduard Bloch. The one event becomes the primal source for the image of the "Jewish poison." While I cannot follow the author in his blow-up of this critical experience and hold, contrary to Binion, that the multiplication of causes is a mark of sagacity, the neat, clinical character of his inquiry has something to recommend it. And I prefer it to the long, diffuse compilation by John Toland, the shapeless mass called *Adolf Hitler* (Doubleday; $14.95), for all its much-touted 250 interviews with eyewitnesses.

Frank E. Manuel is Professor Emeritus at New York University and for this year a member of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton.

Richard Ellmann on Biography

Among recent biographies in English, four deal with figures who impinge upon literature. Edward Lucie-Smith gives still another account of Joan of Arc, that darling of writers, in *Joan of Arc* (Allen Lane; £7.50). Why he feels so impelled is never explained, but his straightforward narrative moves briskly along, turning Joan into much the same commonsense person that Bernard Shaw found in her, and secularizing her miracles.

As befits the greatest of transvestites, Joan's sexuality becomes a more central issue than in previous versions. Her desire to crown Charles at Rheims is made into a kind of penis envy: "She instinctively projected on to Charles her own masculine strivings under the guise of religiously inspired thrust." Hot blood works its own miracles. When Lucie-Smith speculates he simplifies, as when he repeats Joan's account of how, in response to a guard's threat to devirginate her, she responded with the 15th century equivalent of "Drop dead!" Soon after, she learned that he had compliantly fallen into the water and drowned. Lucie-Smith is skeptical of this narrative as wish-fulfilment: "It can also be taken as a symbol of Joan's inner tensions, as she approached this moment of crisis. In psychoanalytic terms, 'falling into the water' can be interpreted as an attempt at intercourse, water equalling womb. The would-be assailant is castrated (*i.e.* killed) for his presumption. The dangers of sex were still stirring in Joan's mind." On this level Freud becomes ludicrous.

If *Joan of Arc* lacks, as a biography, inner motivation, the life of Julian Grenfell by Nicholas Mosley, *Julian Grenfell: The Life and Times of His Death, 1888-1915* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $12.95) suffers from the author's having admittedly fallen for his subject. Julian Grenfell was one of those slighter Rupert Brookes who lost their lives in the First World War. He wrote a few poems, in which Mosley does not seem greatly interested, although one of them won Henry James' patriotic admiration. He also wrote some prose essays, and these are for Mosley his principal ac-

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complishment, as a prophetic excoriations of the life lived before the war by the wealthy Grenfells and their powerful friends, who did not see that the empire was crumbling as they made love. Mosley is even more sweeping than Grenfell in his anatomizing: "This was a time of decadence in literature, when categories became confused—love and suffering, death and joy. Ornate young men subjected themselves to cruel women: cruel men decked out like women dominated girls like boys." Mosley, who is a novelist, seems to confuse historical data with his own repugnances. At any rate, no evidence is forthcoming.

Curiously, although Mosley disapproves of Grenfell's beautiful mother, Ettie, she usurps a great deal of his attention as she did that of her admiring contemporaries. What Julian Grenfell opposed in her, with Mosley's seconding, is that she tried to hold together the world that her son insisted was falling apart. She was too cheerful. Even this charge seems somewhat in excess of the facts, for she bore her share of misery and knew it. Grenfell does not earn the parabolic importance in a dying empire that Mosley would attribute to him, though the biographer's earnestness makes the young man more interesting. Eventually, however, the book runs out of steam, and its last sentence, which is also its worst, suggests how close it is throughout to strident cliché: "She [Ettie], like he, knew that life is a battle." Mosley's book suffers from comparison with Jon Stallworthy's biography of another war poet, *Wilfred Owen* (Oxford Univ. Press; $18.50) which succeeds by being delicate and modest where Mosley's keeps demanding of Julian Grenfell more than that young man can fulfill.

Philip Ziegler's *Melbourne* (Knopf; $12.95) also suffers from a comparison, in this case with David Cecil's biography, now almost a quarter of a century old. The issue between them is whether to praise Melbourne, the Whig Prime Minister in the 1830s whose wife tormented Lord Byron, as the most delightful of statesmen, the last of the cultivated amateurs, or to criticize him for leaving undone much that could have been done. Ziegler is stern, and very likely has the right of this argument. But though not without wit, he is no match for Cecil as a stylist, and Melbourne was himself more style than substance. On some points, such as the family backgrounds, Ziegler can't help falling into the same estimates and similar phrases. But in Melbourne's maturity his new biographer becomes more independent, partly on the basis of new material.

In particular, Ziegler has turned up hundreds of letters from Melbourne to two women, Lady Brandon and Lady Caroline Norton. There is proof that Lady Brandon's husband lost his divorce suit, in which Melbourne was co-respondent, only because Melbourne bought him off. A discovery of possibly greater importance is that the letters Melbourne wrote to both women displayed a persistent relish on his part for descriptions of whipping. This is a shadow to be added to the portrait, yet Melbourne is not easy to make less amiable, and Ziegler's book is not so much a new portrait as a complaint that the old one plays down peculiarities and shortcomings.

The liveliest of this group of biographies is undoubtedly one that has just appeared, Hugh Trevor-Roper's *A Hidden Life: The Enigma of Sir Edmund Backhouse* (Macmillan; £4.95). Up to now Backhouse has been known as the donor of a wonderful collection of Chinese books to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, as the co-author of two books on the Chinese court at the beginning of this century, and as co-editor of a Chinese dictionary. He was also, it now appears, the most learned of scoundrels, and possibly the sexiest. When he died in 1943, he left with a Swiss friend a two-volume account of his sexual life, the first dealing with his childhood and youth in England, the second with his middle age in China. In the first he claims to have been one of Verlaine's boys as well as one of his pupils at an English school; he also claims to have been loved by Lord Rosebery, who until now has been thought of only as Gladstone's successor as Prime Minister, and as a respectable widower. But the second volume, on "the Manchu decadence," is Backhouse's principal effort, for in it he describes a long affair he had with the Dowager Empress of China, Tzu-hsi, from 1902 to her death in 1908. The manuscript is entertaining and well written, and one day will take its place beside such other prodigious acts of confession as those of Frank Harris, Casanova, or Walter in *My Secret Life*. Backhouse has the edge on all these because of his detailed knowledge of the Chinese court.

Sir Hugh Trevor-Roper is not greatly interested in the memoir, because, as a historian, he has determined that it is totally undependable. What most of his book does is rather to follow Backhouse, as A. J. A. Symons followed Baron Corvo, into a series of complex machinations. These included selling a non-existent British battleship to the Chinese and 100,000 non-existent Chinese guns to the British. By luck and zeal, the biographer has discovered some extraordinary hushed-up scandals, and he tells their ins and outs with great vigor and liveliness.

Yet, as the sub-title indicates, Backhouse remains somewhat enigmatic. To some extent, he was what he said he was, a learned man, a genius at languages. It's disappointing that so little information has been turned up about his life in England from 1873 to 1898, as if these annals were as closed to the public as the Chinese national archives. And while the frauds appear to be accurately represented, they are all told from the point of view of the only available sources, the men he gulled. One never comes close to the man himself. His marvelous schemes are sustained with great poise, but seem strangely unmotivated. In a final chapter Trevor-Roper offers to put all the pieces together, but it must be said that he doesn't succeed. To explain away Backhouse's later sympathy for fascism on the basis of his having been an esthete in the '90s is surely too crude a simplification, especially since the principal esthete, far from being antisocial, wrote *The Soul of Man under Socialism*. That Backhouse's maneuvers were essentially prompted by art rather than avarice is probably true, but his politics

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tended to remain obscure.

Like most discoverers, Sir Hugh Trevor-Roper tends to play down what others have found, and particularly the conclusions of the editor of Backhouse's unpublished manuscript, a Swiss professor named Reinhard Hoeppli, who like Backhouse was residing in Peking. It was Hoeppli who persuaded Backhouse to write his memoirs, paid him for doing so, edited them, and made sure they survived. He also contributed to them a fascinating postscript, which is at once a character sketch of their writer and an evaluation of their reliability. Trevor-Roper suggests that Hoeppli swallowed Backhouse's story almost whole, but in fact Hoeppli in his postscript states firmly that it may be wholly a fabrication, and even points to possible discrepancies, such as placing Verlaine in England at the wrong time, which Trevor-Roper has profitably followed up. But Hoeppli goes further: he offers as well the suggestion that even as fiction the memoirs have lasting value. Sir Hugh is much too harsh in dismissing Backhouse's witty, learned, saturnalian pseudo-history as worthless obscenity.

Along with these biographies of figures on the fringes of literature must be mentioned two biographies of purely literary figures. The first, S. Schoenbaum's *William Shakespeare, A Documentary Biography*, which came out late last year (Oxford Univ. Press; $50) succeeds in displaying graphically and in its text what can be authoritatively said of Shakespeare. Schoenbaum is at pains not only to get the facts straight, but to display in almost perfect replica the contemporary documents where Shakespeare is named. He also discusses these documents, and describes Shakespeare's life, in a most lively narrative. It is pleasant to see legends discriminated from history, and to have a biography of Shakespeare from the man who has made himself the most expert on the subject.

The other biography, *Dostoevsky: The Seeds of Revolt* by Joseph Frank (Princeton Univ. Press; $16.50; see review by Donald Fanger in "Books Considered"), is necessarily of a different kind. Frank is only slightly concerned with external data, since these have been canvassed pretty thoroughly by others. What he is concerned to do is to portray the development of Dostoevsky's consciousness, and in this process the books read, the people conversed with, are as important as external events of formal education, or as many outer incidents. Frank has a vast plan, for four volumes, and this first one indicates that, when completed, Dostoevsky will be represented more faithfully and fully than most other writers. Though Frank proceeds in an unhurried manner, he has a keen sense of the stages of Dostoevsky's development, and within each stage is concise and pointed. He succeeds also in making familiar what other biographers of Dostoevsky can't help rendering as exotic.

This book takes Dostoevsky through the writing of *Poor Folk* and *The Double*. When Frank does discuss biographical elements, he often dislodges established notions. For example, since Freud's brilliant essay, we have all been inclined to take Dostoevsky's father as model for Fyodor Karamazov. The murder of the older Dostoevsky is assumed to have precipitated his son's epilepsy, as a kind of panic of the organism based upon his guilt at his own parricidal impulses. In patiently considering the evidence, Frank makes clear that Dostoevsky's father was self-sacrificing and generous to his sons, that he was probably not murdered at all, and that the famous epilepsy did not begin until long after the father's death. Against some of the attendant details mustered by Freud, such as that Dostoevsky's friendships were of a homosexual kind, Frank is able to adduce with many instances the 'high temperature' common in Russian friendships at the time, and he even suggests with some impudence that no friendship of Dostoevsky was so close as Freud's with Fliess or Breuer.

In larger terms, Frank in this admirable work shows the interplay of romantic and anti-romantic forces in Dostoevsky's thought, and of self-preening and self-devouring in his character. The rest of this monumental history will be eagerly awaited.

Richard Ellmann is Goldsmiths' Professor of English Literature at Oxford and editor of *Selected Joyce Letters* (Viking).

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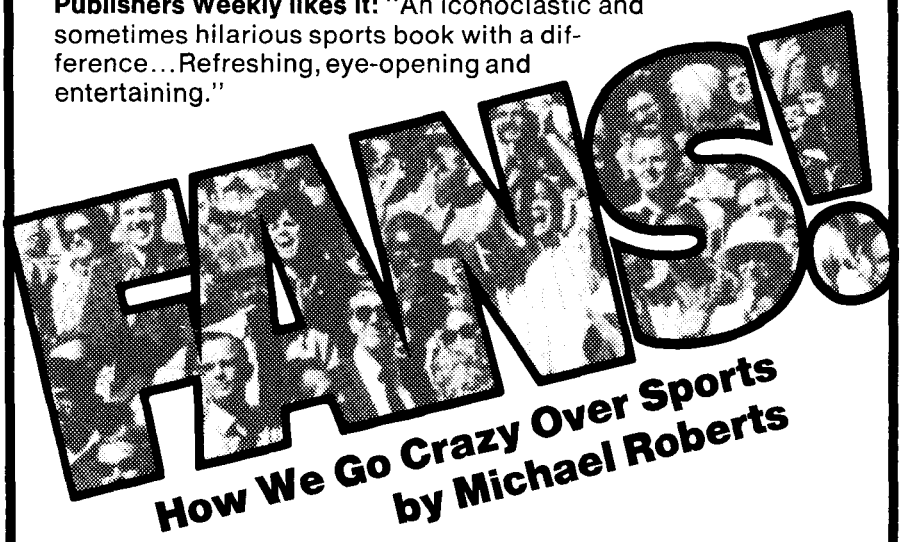

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Sanford Schwartz on Art

The Flow of Art (Atheneum; $14.95), a selection of Henry McBride's art criticism, came and went this year with practically no attention from the press and, in New York, it wasn't even displayed in bookstores, not even in the normally complete art book stalls at the Museum of Modern Art. It's a shame *The Flow* went under so fast, because it is a wonderful collection of short pieces—gossipy, chatty, full of overheard conversations, unexpectedly sharp judgments, remarkable predictions. During his lifetime, Henry McBride was the best known and most widely read American art critic, and reading *The Flow of Art* you can see why. Never doctrinaire or solemn, he managed to write in such a way that the widest audience—artists, curators, collectors, people with a broad interest in the arts and even the general public, with its marginal interest—could find something in him.

For over 40 years, from the early Teens through the early '50s, McBride reviewed the art scene in New York, mostly for the *New York Sun*, and throughout the '20s, he also did the regular art column for the monthly *Dial*. After the *Sun* stopped publishing in 1949, he wrote for *Art News* for a few years. McBride became known as a champion of modern art, but actually he reviewed all art, conservative and *avant-garde*, major and minor, with equal enthusiasm and perceptiveness, and he is as good on the fringe aspects of art world life as he is on the great talents. *The Flow of Art*, which begins with the Metropolitan Museum's acquisition of its first Cézanne and ends with Jackson Pollock's career in high tide, could be thought of as an informal history of 20th century art. McBride never turned his perceptions into theories (which of course is a sign of his openness, and is in no way a failing). But, because of this, there are no larger ideas or phrases associated with his name, and that detracts from his currency. And his deliberately lightweight tone, with its blend of gentlemanly irony and '20s raciness, also works against him, since it seems at first to be only a period mannerism. Yet underneath the fluffy surface of his prose, which takes time getting used to, the opinions are precise and full-bodied, and his tone allows him to see into many of those corners of art outside the range of greater critics, such as Fry or Greenberg. McBride, though perhaps not on the highest level, is one of that small band who have made art criticism a branch of literature. If this selection of his work returns in paperback, as it should, it will help to give him the new admirers he deserves.

Though it actually made its American appearance in 1975, Kenneth Clark's autobiography *Another Part of the Wood* (Harper & Row; $11) was in bookstores all this year and it will be out in paperback in 1976. As viewers of Clark's TV series "Civilisation," and readers of its book might have expected, *Another Part* is a witty, smooth, tweedily erudite performance. Essentially it is a series of portraits of the people who appear in the first half of Clark's life, and, as his classic accounts of Leonardo and Rembrandt made clear, Clark is at his best playing off the facets of a personality. Among the many figures he writes about here are Philip Sassoon, King George V, Sibyl Colefax, Ramsay Macdonald, Maurice Bowra, Janet Ross, Joe Duveen, Calouste Gulbenkian and Emerald Cunard (mother of Nancy). Some appear for no more than a few pages, and they all come toward us as dotty and brilliant, childish and eccentric—Clark is a connoisseur of eccentricity.

Yet he never digs too deeply into these eccentricities, or his obviously mixed feelings about his friends and acquaintances. Clark, the reader senses, is holding back on telling all he knows and feels for the sake of the courtly, mock-discreet tone. Everything is a bit too neatly tucked in and too charming, except the many pages on Bernard Berenson. Clark still hasn't resolved his feelings about Berenson, for whom he worked in the late '20s, and describing the pride and sense of failure in Berenson's character takes Clark to a level of psychological complication he doesn't reach elsewhere. (Perhaps it's Berenson's Jewishness and Americanness, his un-Britishness, that makes him such a challenge for Clark.) This Berenson portrait is one to hang between Meyer Schapiro's famous, highly critical "Mr. Berenson's Values" and S. N. Behrman's affectionate "B. B." chapter of *Duveen*.

Leo Steinberg's *Michaelangelo's Last Paintings* (Oxford Univ. Press; $45) is a strong book on a great subject—Michaelangelo's two frescoes in the Cappella Paolina in the Vatican, the "Conversion of St. Paul" and the "Crucifixion of St. Peter." These are pictures which, over the past 400 years, either have been ignored or disparaged as a great artist's doddering failures, or have been found the most ripe and personal, the most mysteriously otherworldly, of Michaelangelo's works. Leo Steinberg is overwhelmed by them. He says they are "Michaelangelo's gift to the twentieth century; no earlier age was willing to have them," and he wants chiefly to make us see how complex Michaelangelo's thinking was, and where these late paintings fit in in his thinking. Nearly 15 inches high but easy to handle, with many good color and black and white photographs of these frescoes which are difficult to see even when you are in the Chapel, *Michaelangelo's Last Paintings* has the most substance of any art picture book of the year. It's one of the few you would want to read.

Steinberg is much more effective here on Michaelangelo than in his highly praised *Other Criteria* (1972), which is about contemporary art. Describing what he thinks is the genius of Jasper Johns, Rodin or Picasso, the chief figures in *Criteria*, Steinberg strays too far into a wordy, metaphorical realm, and there is an egoism in his tone that grates: what you feel most is his desire to prove that the artists he is writing about are as intellectually complicated as he is. On Michaelangelo, though, he sticks more closely to facts and history, and his perceptions, grounded in those facts, have the dramatic punch he's always aiming for. The only thing you want from this longish Michaelangelo essay is for Steinberg to open it up to include more. There is so much in the subject of Michaelangelo's intentions versus his finished products, and Steinberg is such a sympathetic and

Coming

The Year's Books, Part II
and
A Reconsideration of the '30s
by Malcolm Cowley

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commanding guide, you wish he wouldn't stick only to these paintings. Steinberg's "gift" to us would be essays on the "Last Judgment" and the Sistine Ceiling, or even a Michaelangelo biography.

Robert Rosenblum is another art historian who writes on both the old masters and contemporary art. His *Modern Painting and the Northern Romantic Tradition, Friedrich to Rothko* (Harper & Row; $17.50) is about images, themes and moods that, for nearly 200 years, have kept reappearing in non-French, quasi-Expressionistic, quasi-mystical painting. Some of the artists he treats are the German Romantics Friedrich and Runge, Van Gogh, Klee, Barnett Newman, Mark Rothko, Blake and Munch. Rosenblum's subject, the visionary half of the Expressionist mind, is enormous, but he doesn't take quite a big enough bite out of it. The great theme of these pictures, as he links them, is the sublime grandeur of nature and man's awe-struck smallness before it. For Rosenblum, these images are most alive as art historical symbols, as iconographic emblems that, starting with Friedrich, are passed down from generation to generation and subtly transformed in the process. He draws many intriguing, sometimes amazing visual comparisons, and he's particularly good on Klee. But what is insufficient about his treatment is that the emotional meanings of these works of art, which one would have thought were their real point, are diffused. And, perhaps because he has so little interest in personality, and spends so little time trying to relate these Romantic pictures to the individual talents and cultures that produced them, the many different artists he's chosen to write about blur in the reader's mind.

Peter Gay would be horrified by Rosenblum's stylistic analyses of mystical works of art. Gay's *Art and Act—On Causes in History: Manet, Gropius, Mondrian* (Harper & Row; $15) is a veiled attack on art that has transcendental overtones. Gay, best known for his work on 18th century intellectual history, sees his three subjects according to what the reader comes to believe is an already-existing set of values. The French 19th century painter Edouard Manet is turned into a great upper-middle-class gentleman. Gay accents the fact that Manet was left-wing politically, right-wing socially, personally and professionally pragmatic and undoctrinaire. The German architect Walter Gropius is presented as a reasonable, "humane" man, surrounded, in Weimar Germany, and especially at the Bauhaus, the institution he is most identified with, by forces of mystical politics and cult-thinking, the ill-effects of which he manages to avoid. In comparison with these two, Mondrian has few good qualities. He is shown to be politically ideological (and, hence, naïve), unworldly, personally dogmatic and sexually repressed (whereas Manet, at least in his art, is sexually candid). Manet is Peter Gay's true modern man— a secular bourgeois urban liberal. While Mondrian, in this scheme, is a throwback to medievalism; Mondrian's is a fundamentally religious, Puritanical mind, and his desire to have people think of him as a "modern" is, says Gay, spurious.

Art and Act adds some light to what we know about these artists, but it adds more to what we know about the ideals and prejudices of the author of *Weimar Culture* and *The Enlightenment*. As an attempt to define what being a "modern" man and artist is, *Art and Act* has the weight of a vision. The "vision" of Manet is expansive and generous and shows Gay at his sunniest. The Gropius isn't much more than the glorification of a decent, accommodating sensibility. While the Mondrian, defensive in tone, is exactly like (and as unattractive as) a sermon on false gods.

And, finally, a small winner: Thomas B. Hess' *The Art Comics and Satires of Ad Reinhardt* (Kunsthalle, Dusseldorf, Marlborough, Rome; $25), a nearly 60-page essay, comes in what is literally a package. Sold only at New York's Marlborough Gallery, it includes, in portfolios, reproductions of Reinhardt's "comics" and "satires" (they look more like diagrams), which appeared originally in *P. M.*, *Trans/formation*, and *Art News*. It's unfortunate that so few people will be able to see, let alone buy, Hess' booklet, since it is the sharpest, and also the most appealing writing on Reinhardt ever. Short as it is, it also gives you a complete idea of what New York art world politics is, and can be, like—viewed through the eyes of an artist who was sarcastic and moralistic about it, told by a critic who is bemusedly in love with it.

Sanford Schwartz has written on art for *Art in America*, *The New Yorker* and other publications.

From the shores of Gitche-gumee . . .

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Books Considered

To Jerusalem and Back by Saul Bellow

(Viking; $7.95)

When Saul Bellow comes to Jerusalem he comes as a novelist, not a reporter, and the proper subject of the novelist is the human heart and the human condition in general. This book does not search out facts and certainly not new ones. Bellow immerses himself in the landscape, digests endless conversations, is an avid reader. Luckily he is a superb listener and the least opinionated of men. After all, where he does not agree he need not argue, for he will have the last word—not only in the book but also in *The New Yorker* which reaches out equally to the liberals and the leftists and to the owners of yachts and Cadillacs, many of whom are on the whole hesitant about Israel.

He soon comes to the conclusion that there is a fundamental unease in Israel, an awareness that some basic problems have not been solved, that even the existence of the state is not wholly secure, the enemies are many and the friends few. He makes his own involvement plain. As an American living in Chicago, he has a choice. He can disregard the horrors if he wants; he lists the horrors of the particular day—Dutch hostages, British hostages, people being killed in the Lebanon, in Portugal, in Angola. It is as a Jew that he cannot stand apart. In Jerusalem, everything reminds him of his inclusion in this second circle, not only his background and the fact that he speaks Yiddish, but the arrival of relatives from Russia and the fact that Professor Yehoshaphat Harkabi, a former head of military intelligence in Israel, should look so uncannily like cousin Louie from Lachine.

But if he feels responsible as an American and involved as a Jew, there is also enough common humanity left to make him shudder at the tales of horror brought from Soviet labor camps, and even at the fruitless struggle of rams tossed onto a truck to be taken for slaughter.

If the goose-pimpled chicken leg on Abba Eban's plate seemed to remind him of our common mortality, how can he fail to be troubled by the massed political speculations of Jerusalem? He reports them with wit, accuracy and discrimination, and he can scarcely be expected to estimate which views are widely held and which are maverick, or which are likely to be acted upon. But there is another unexpected obstacle to cool political judgment. Bellow misses "the transforming additive: the gift of poetry . . . I am thinking that some of the politicians I meet are admirable, intelligent men of strong character. But in them the marvellous additive is lacking." Well, no doubt he is right. He listens and reads and finds little to cheer him. Professor Zvi Lamm of the Hebrew University, "writing in an obscure journal," laments that Israel has become deaf to outside voices, that it has become obsessed with the state instead of the people, that Zionism began as a rescue action and that "by 1956 it ceased to think of itself as a sanctuary for rescued people, and began to think of itself as a State with an Army." There follow two or three pages of Lamm, and Bellow's spirits droop. He walks with Professor Yaacov Talmon, the historian; the spirit droops again. He describes Talmon: ". . . fervent and depressed . . . a certain plump professorial propriety . . . finely dressed . . . not one of your open-at-the-throat, bushy Israeli types . . . he expresses . . . what I have been hearing for months—every suspicion, doubt and fear. 'Didn't Hitler after all win? Where the Jews were concerned?' " Bellow grasps at a straw, and adds "An Israeli friend has more than once warned me, 'For God's sake, don't be carried away by what the intellectuals say here.' " He recalls the warning but goes on wrestling with Talmon.

"The right of Israel to exist," Talmon says, "has to be won by special exertions, 'by some special atonement, through being better than others.' " At some point the natural Bellow asserts himself and he delves into the Palestinian problem. "In this disorderly century, refugees have fled from many countries. In India, in Africa, in Europe, millions of human beings have been put to flight, transported, enslaved, stampeded over the borders, left to starve, but only the case of the Palestinians is held permanently open. Where Israel is concerned the world swells with moral consciousness. Moral judgement, a wraith in Europe, becomes a full-blooded giant when Israel and the Palestinians are mentioned. Is this because Israel has assumed the responsibilities of a liberal democracy? Is it for other reasons? What Switzerland is to winter holidays and the Dalmation coast is to summer tourists Israel and the Palestinians are to the West's need for justice—as sort of moral resort area." He listens to others too, such as Profesor Yuval Ne'eman, the Tel Aviv University physicist and long-time adviser to the Israeli Defence Ministry, who argues the need for an effective deterrent and declares bitterly that the US is selling out Israel slice by slice to the Arabs to ensure an oil supply. Bellow sees the prime minister and defense minister, this one and that, and has a neat and often devastating word for each. He goes to see Abu Zuluf, editor of an Arabic newspaper in East Jerusalem and comes away disturbed that even so pleasant and jovial a fellow—a six-foot-plus millionaire—should immediately start talking politics. The Arabs have become rich and powerful, says Abu Zuluf, and the Jews would be wise to hurry up and find a solution for their problems before it is too late.

He talks to friends. Slowly a central conclusion emerges. There are absolutes on all sides. It is not a matter of territorial concessions; these are meaningless in the face of the Arab desire simply to get the Jews out. Bellow reads faster and faster, listens harder and harder, but nobody offers him a simple solution. He enjoys a long argument with Sartre, whose friendship for Israel he appreciates. But he worries: "between Sartre and any given problem there has always stood the United States." Sartre argues that Arab attitudes to Israel were due to "British maneuvres," which led to an "idiotic war" in 1948. Sartre expects that leftist Arab regimes would find Israel's existence easier to accept, and discovers that he cannot invite representatives of the Israeli left to any conference if he wants the Arabs to come, and there are so many more Arabs. And what is this theory of Sartre's, muses Bellow, that there is an anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union *because* a Jew can, sometimes, emigrate to Israel so that "the non-Jew will think that these people are more favored"?

Bellow continues. "Nadezhda Mandelstam, the poet's widow, who knows Socialist countries better than Sartre does, says anti-Semitism in Russia is a state product that is 'propagated from above and brews in the cauldron known as the *apparat*.' Andre Sinyavsky does not agree that anti-Semitism is entirely imposed from above. In the popular consciousness, he explains, a Jew is an evil spirit, a devil

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who has got into the body of Russia and makes everything go wrong." In Israel, concludes Bellow, the Jews have accepted a historic responsibility to be exceptional. Is it impossible for Western intellectuals to demand a little flexibility and brotherhood from the Arabs, particularly the Marxists among them, and persuade them to accept this small state? But Sartre hopes for a "glorious, ineffable revolution from the hundred million Arabs, which will tear down the bourgeois structure. He believes in redemption by bloodshed. But the blood is perhaps, like so much in Sartre, imaginary."

Bellow has not a great deal to say about Jerusalem itself except to express a mild surprise that with so much mental turmoil and torment in the air the ordinary amenities of civilized life should exist—telephones work, glasses clink at dinner parties, people make and listen to music, attention is paid to distinguished guests. If he calls me, the mayor of Jerusalem, a furiously active man, hurtling, not philosophical, I can only admire the determination of a studious man to submit to this hustle and bustle in order to examine this problem first hand. While it is not true to say that I was only re-elected mayor with the aid of Arab votes, a head of a multi-national city must be deeply content to see that others are not dissatisfied with a Jewish-led administration. The compliment is almost overwhelming.

"I often think that Kollek wants to show the world," writes Bellow, "and especially the Arab world, what good sense and liberality can do: he wants to persuade everyone that what is feasible on a small scale can be done wholesale. Arab demands for self-rule in Jerusalem will eventually have to be taken into account. Kollek is certainly aware of this, and my guess is that he is prepared to consider reasonable proposals for a shared administration. The Arabs know that there is no meanness or arbitrariness in him. He has shown by his fairness that co-existence is possible and desirable." And furiously active, of course.

Here one discerns the differences between the novelist and the reporter. Bellow does not go into more detail about the various measures and activities which might, after all, interest the reader.

While Bellow excels in his arguments in Jerusalem, in London, in Stanford and in Washington, when he returns to his own milieu in Chicago, he accepts a comparatively facile argument from a leftist Jewish friend.

Bellow catches the austere physical beauty of Jerusalem; illusive, therefore must be pursued to be fully appreciated. Like a woman with many moods but consistent to herself. Not that he likes the tall new buildings that have gone up in parts of the city, and he discerns in the building plans a plan to make its Jewish character a *fait accompli*. He is troubled by military patrols in the streets, but he realizes that while the "struggle for existence" everywhere else means a fight for a better life, with us here it means survival. He is troubled by the rumble of a terrorist bomb, the latter since somewhat muted by the violence of the fighting in Lebanon. There is more here about the world of the mind than about Jerusalem, more about East and West, about truth and hypocrisy. At the same time these reflections give Bellow a good opportunity to display all the mental and verbal fireworks he commands. Bellow's introspective observations will show many an Israeli reader—and he is widely read here—aspects of our complex problems which in our struggle for survival and the reality of building a society he is often too busy to think about. It is not often that a book even distantly connected with Israel will make the reader laugh out loud with pleasure at what Bellow surely found the least boring place on earth.

Teddy Kollek

Teddy Kollek is the mayor of Jerusalem.

The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh ed. by Michael Davie

(Weidenfeld and Nicolson; £7.95)

"We were joined at lunch by an ungainly and deeply garrulous American who called himself an economist and spoke admiringly of my books and piously of the prospect for socialism and similar depravities in the United States. Eventually I was forced to tell him it was a subject in which I had no interest whatever."

I never met Evelyn Waugh so I read these diaries without finding the foregoing entry. Everything else was calculated to repel me. Except for Randolph Churchill, a couple of the Mitford sisters, a couple of writers and one economist (Roy Harrod), I know or knew none of the people mentioned. Nor do I feel deprived. I, some years ago, learned that alcohol and barbiturates, either separately or in modest combination, interfere with writing and, increasingly as you grow older, make you ill. Accordingly, there was no surprise in Waugh's endless chronicle of inebriation, drugs and their consequences. As an American liberal with impeccable credentials in the faith, I do not like slighting references to Jews, Negroes and manual workers, and I do not believe that ever in my life I have heard anyone refer to working people as "the lower classes." In the diaries such references abound. My early religious education, if such it can be called, was extensively concerned with the liturgical excrescences of the Catholic Church, as we were required to regard them. Their virtue, at least in their traditional form, is one of the few things in life which Waugh held in unwavering reverence, and they get much attention in this volume, although less than liquor.

Yet I read this book compulsively and from beginning to end. So, I think, will thousands of others whose knowledge of the people and scene is no greater than mine.

There is an interesting contrast here with Richard Crossman's journal, of which I am reminded because it has recently come out in this country. I knew Dick Crossman well, as also, in a general way, most of the people he mentions. His interest in politics and public affairs as well as his political beliefs I found congenial. But his diary I found a bore, and I doubt that it will have an appreciable audience in the United States. I've been in London most of the time this last year and I estimate that around four-fifths of Dick's British friends and colleagues read it by the accelerated method. That consists in confining your attention to the index references to your own name. On two matters, his travels and his World War II experiences, Waugh is a serious diarist in the manner of Crossman. He shows his advantage both by better writing and more vivid description but also, on the war, by getting far more perceptively into his subject. In consequence, although it is hard to believe that this was his intention, he makes a serious contribution to the understanding of modern warfare. All who have had even the most marginal association with martial enterprise know the sheer

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awfulness of having to deal with drunks and incompetents suddenly released from the penalties and constraints of civilian existence and endowed with military swagger and some power. All know the damage they do, the foul-ups they perpetrate and how this behavior and its consequences diminish in both the histories and the unwritten (as distinct from the American Legion) recollections. This is especially so on the side that won. Waugh's postwar trilogy retains this history but, like *Catch-22*, one attributes some or much to invention. The diaries, telling of training in Britain, the expedition to Dakar, staging in Egypt, fighting in Greece and his mission with Randolph Churchill to Tito and the partisans, must be the most sustained account of military fecklessness, incoherence, cowardice and intoxication of World War II, maybe any war. There was, no doubt, a more responsible side; Waugh was not one to struggle for even-handed judgment. But all with experience of these disasters know how great was the balance to be redressed.

But social purpose is not Waugh's claim to accomplishment—even the thought is slightly bizarre. His claim, even when telling of titled nonentities, drugs or drunkenness, is in the way he tells it. Many have said it before. There was not in our time, perhaps in our century, such a master of the craft. As a test one need only open the book at random. The name of Ruth Blezard has no interest but I learn with immediate delight that she "is a fat woman with ugly hair and a puzzled expression in her eyes" and that her father "is paralyzed through evil living" and that "her mother is a fool." So much for Ruth and her parents. Next day some boys visiting in the Waugh household were "allowed to listen to a concert on the wireless because [the father of one] . . . was singing. It confirms me in the detestation of the invention." Two days later comes one of the best entries of all: "I think nothing happened." Even the schoolboy passages show signs of the quick, flashing stroke that disposes of everything and everyone. Somewhere at Harvard, and I suppose also at Cambridge and Oxford, young scholars are dissecting Waugh's sentences, ascertaining, perhaps with the aid of a computer, the nature of their magic. I await the result without interest. I would judge Waugh's art to be safely beyond the reach of research.

It leads me to a harsh word in conclusion for the editor of these diaries. Though, I'm sure, a scholar, a gentleman and a loving parent, Mr. Davie, either on his own motion or (more rarely) at the behest of the Waugh estate, felt obliged to delete "libelous and offensive" passages as well as other "entries that might have caused unnecessary distress." In justification, he cites Waugh's "taste for exaggeration and fantasy" and the resulting danger of misrepresentation. This is trite, blithering nonsense! Is British justice dead? Would any British judge award damages to a plaintiff, otherwise a titled nullity, who had achieved the supreme distinction of being misrepresented by Evelyn Waugh? The judge, if he has any right to be on the bench, would hold that the plaintiff should pay for so being singled out, so honored. And as to the exaggeration, fantasy and misrepresentation leading to "unnecessary distress," does any decently literate person in the English-speaking world believe that because Waugh said something it was true?

No one can read these diaries without sensing that Waugh's firmest intention was to be nasty, even vicious. No one, I assert, had the right to frustrate so clear a purpose and certainly not after the author was dead.

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Since time immemorial the titled members of the ESTABLISHMENT have refused to investigate claims by those untitled people judged semi-amateurs. Wasn't it Nageli, the leading authority of his time, whose pride refused to let him investigate the claims of Gregor Mendel whom he judged a semi-amateur because he regarded as impossible the very core of Mendel's discovery, forcing posthumous recognition on the father of genetics? And now a similar situation has arisen. A discovery has been made which the establishment says cannot be possible because the very core—preventing man from desiring to strike *a first blow* which obviates the need to punish and breaks the vicious cycle of retaliation (war, crime & inflation), seems to be against the nature of man. Therefore, because we know this is difficult to believe and your skepticism is normal, we will let you study, without obligation to buy, the *144 page hard-backed book* **BEYOND THE FRAMEWORK OF MODERN THOUGHT**, by Seymour Lessans. Return it within one month and the $5.20 you send to The New World Publishers, P.O. Box 10437, Baltimore, Md. 21209, will be refunded. But please don't order a copy unless you are unafraid of learning how unconsciously ignorant *we* have always been of one invariable law of our ultimate nature. This book is not philosophical, religious, or political, only *100%* scientific. It also launches the world-wide movement called IOTGA, the INCEPTION OF THE GOLDEN AGE prophesied for the 20th century. This movement, once the principles are thoroughly understood, will unite voluntarily every nation in such a way that all forms of government which threaten punishment as a solution, will become things of the past without hurting *anyone*, that is, without robbing Peter to pay Paul. This invariable law, discovered behind an ostensible truth that has fooled mankind until now since to think otherwise was deceptively insurmountable, is, believe it or not, the long awaited Messiah.

John Kenneth Galbraith

John Kenneth Galbraith's most recent book is *Money: Whence It Came, Where It Went* (Houghton Mifflin).

A Girl in Winter by Philip Larkin

(Overlook Press; $8.95)

Along with Ted Hughes—whom he in no significant way resembles—Philip Larkin is generally considered the finest practicing poet in England today. He has written very little: about four poems a year, he has said, of which one is "no good" in his own estimation. Admittedly, Larkin's laconic, scaled-down, wryly pessimistic poems are not to everyone's liking, and there are times when his determinedly plain style comes to seem rather forced; but the achievement of such collections as *The Whitsun Weddings* (1964) and *High Windows* (1974) is incontestable. I know people who can quote passages from "Church Going" and "The Whitsun Weddings" with a zest that would have astonished Dylan Thomas, and must now astonish those who believe that poetry, in order to be loved, must celebrate rather than condemn, and must strive to approximate music rather than to give us back, with very few distracting flourishes, the rhythms and nuances of "ordinary" speech.

The extensive praise Larkin has won from English critics and from his fellow poets may appear at times to be puzzling, especially for North American readers, if one fails to attend closely to the craftsmanship of the poems and to the minute, ironic revelations they make. Willing himself to be unexceptional, taking for his own a provincial English landscape writ painfully small, Larkin has created a number of nearly

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perfect poems and two very interesting novels which address themselves to the question of what to make of a "diminished thing" (to use Frost's helpful terminology). Larkin might say that the "diminished thing" is life itself—

What are days for?
Days are where we live.
They come, they wake us
Time and time over.
They are to be happy in:
Where can we live but days?
("Days")

—but an impartial observer might speculate that the true subject of Larkin's poetry is England: the waning of English civilization: the paralysis of the spirit when it is confronted by historical changes beyond its ability to gauge. In his preface to *Jill* (1946), Larkin's first novel, he has said: "At an age when self-importance would have been normal, events cut us ruthlessly down to size." Though he is speaking of wartime England in this case, his sentiment holds true for present-day England, and both *Jill* and *A Girl in Winter* will strike readers as absolutely contemporary—perhaps even prophetic.

A Girl in Winter was originally published in Great Britain in 1947, and in the United States in 1962 by St. Martin's Press. It soon went out of print and has now been reissued, along with *Jill*, by Overlook Press of Woodstock, New York, a publisher new to me. It is a highly sensitive, rather meditative and slowly moving novel, a work of deliberately modest proportions reminiscent of Virginia Woolf and the early Elizabeth Bowen: a poet's novel, one might be inclined to say, in which a not-extraordinary provincial town in the depths of winter is lovingly reconstructed. Perhaps not lovingly: Larkin is never sentimental. But there is an unmistakable pleasure in his descriptions of ugly old buildings and wan, joyless people and crowded buses and insufferable dentists' offices and the futile, hopeful, and ultimately doomed gestures people make toward one another. His heroine, a young woman named Katherine Lind, shares with the Larkin of the poems a readiness to accept limitations and even to welcome the frustration of desire—a perverse eagerness to celebrate the failure of the world's enchantment. It is not other people, after all, who disappoint us, but rather our own foolish expectations: and so we are better off when, like Katherine, we turn resolutely aside from the entanglements of human emotion. We should make of the deadening winter an ally, and see in its relentless chill our own icy souls.

The main action of the novel takes place in less than 12 hours. Katherine, a war refugee with a poorly-paid job in a library, is called upon to escort a fellow worker home on account of illness. Resting briefly at her flat, she discovers that a telegram has been sent to her: it is from Robin Fennel, one of the very few people she knows in England. She panics and hurries out of her flat, fearing he will arrive shortly, returns to her dreary job (where she is scolded by a most obnoxious head librarian named Anstey), and contemplates her relationship with Robin and the Fennels in a lengthy, rather too leisurely, middle section that takes us back to Katherine at the age of 16. At this time she began a pen-pal relationship with the English boy Robin, a stranger, and accepted an invitation to visit with him and his family for several weeks. The visit is a fairly eventless one. Katherine falls in love with Robin though she hardly knows him, and considers him rather dull; the climax of their early relationship is a clumsy, unexpected kiss shortly before she leaves for home. Not long afterward she and Robin cease their correspondence and, until the outbreak of war and her forced removal to England, she does not give him another thought.

When she returns home from the library, however, she finds Robin awaiting her. He is much altered; he is drunk; though he appears to desire her—he kisses her, and asks if he might spend the night with her—one has the impression that he knows her as slightly as she knows him. In her detached, rather emotionless way Katherine agrees to sleep with him, though she warns him that it will mean nothing. She has hardened herself against the hope of Robin early in the day, and this resolution will not be abandoned. The two make love, evidently, though Larkin does not suggest any real physical relationship, and the novel comes to a chilling conclusion as Katherine interrupts Robin's incoherent, sleepy talk of their possible marriage by telling him to be quiet: she wants to sleep.

Why such hardness of heart, why such a celebration of the static economy of the closed, insular, self-sufficient soul? Katherine is prematurely old; aged; broken. Her isolation can be attributed to the fact that she is a foreigner, a refugee, but in reality Larkin makes little use of this, as if shying away from melodrama or emotion. (Indeed the novel is curiously without action; even conversations are muted and disjointed, always disappointing.) Before meeting Robin at the of the day Katherine has reached out to a fellow worker and has been rebuffed, and we are told that she has lived in England for two years without having made a single friend or acquaintance, and without having written to the Fennels. By the time she does meet Robin once again—and their meeting is postponed by the novelist for more than 200 pages—she has sternly cautioned herself against the illusions of human love:

In the past she thought she had found happiness through the interplay of herself and other people. The most important thing had been to please them, to love them, to learn them so fully that their personalities were as distinct as the taste of different fruits. Now this brought happiness no longer: she no longer felt that she was exalted or made more worthy if she could spin her friendships to incredible subtlety and fineness. It was something she had tired of doing. And what had replaced it? Here she was at a loss. She was not sure if anything had replaced it.

Though we should assume it anyway, Larkin tells us that the winter of Katherine's experience is not "romantic or picturesque," for the snow that is graceful in the country is old and soiled in town. Having feared Robin's arrival all day Katherine discovers herself suppressing a yawn while he talks to her of his plans (he is a soldier, his future is uncertain), and it is with indifference that she agrees to sleep with him. Imagination is fired by absence, Larkin seems to be suggesting, and dulled by presence: the real Robin is banal and disappointing, just as reality is always banal and disappointing. "Life is first boredom, then fear"—we are told in the poem "Dockery and Son," and the line might serve as an epigraph for *A Girl in Winter*.

The novel's central weakness lies in its characters, who are so without motivation and purpose that one finds it difficult to care very much for them. Katherine Lind is shadowy and vaporous, lacking distinctive features. We come to know, minutely, certain of her sense impressions, and we share her distaste for the English people she meets, but we never know what she looks like. And why does she never once

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think of her home, her family, her war-besieged country? (Larkin is coy about identifying her background: we never learn exactly where she is from, though the issue of her speaking a different language from Robin's is symbolically important.) Is she a virgin? If not, surely her thoughts would stray to her former lover or lovers, during this long day? If she is a virgin, how is it possible that she will give herself so casually to a man she can barely tolerate? (And how is it possible that her sexual experience with Robin, which occurs between paragraph breaks, has no effect upon her whatsoever? Unless the young woman is a zombie, or a near-catatonic, her failure to think or feel *anything* is quite improbable.)

It is possible, of course, to read *A Girl in Winter* as a prose-poem in which nothing happens, and to insubstantial people, because such is the nature of life in the 20th century in England. Larkin has the ability to evoke, in a few bleak images, a sense of waste and disillusion and emptiness that is as profound as the similarly barren vision of Beckett; but one might argue that so minimal a vision is perhaps best rendered in non-naturalistic terms, in parody or absurdist drama or in brief poems. The fleshing-out of a novel requires human blood and warmth, the interplay of personalities, the possibility of change and surprise. At the conclusion of "Church Going" the poet concludes that "the place was not worth stopping for" and—whether this cynical observation strikes the reader as true or not—a place not worth stopping for is best investigated, if investigated at all, as quickly as possible.

The negation of feeling so brilliantly dramatized in Larkin's poetry stimulates the reader to believe that here, at last, in these drab merciless terms, is life driven into a corner and justly assessed: less is not more, surely, but it is at least more *truthful* . . .? Yet the conviction is a false one. Larkin's studied nihilism is as florid in its way as the too-generous affirmation of a Whitman, and there is no reason to think that there is more "truth" in diminished things than there is in inflated things: for the poet expresses his interior landscape primarily. Though we should be grateful for Overlook Press' re-issuing of Larkin's two novels, it does not seem surprising that Larkin himself never attempted another work of fiction. "Novels are about other people," he has said, "and poetry is about yourself." One might amend that to allow for the probability of his poetry being about his nation, his culture, his heritage: which accounts for the enthusiasm with which his poetry is always received in an England ready to believe that it has been at last cut down "ruthlessly" to size.

Joyce Carol Oates

Joyce Carol Oates' most recent book is a novel, *Childworld* (Vanguard).

Correction

Virginia Blaisdell's photographs accompanied Jesse Lemisch's article, "Bicentennial Schlock" (*TNR*, Nov. 6). Ms. Blaisdell was not given credit in the article.

Dostoevsky: The Seeds Of Revolt, 1821-1849 by Joseph Frank

(Princeton University Press; $16.50)

Recognizing Dostoevsky's greatness—and with it his presence as a contemporary—has been mainly a 20th century phenomenon, and a Western one. Russia's cultural secession from the modern world under Stalin left Europeans and Americans to articulate the discomforts of modernity and to find, in V.S. Pritchett's words, that Dostoevsky moves forward with us as the sense of our own danger changes. Whatever new directions our concerns took—in philosophy, psychology, politics, religion, art—"the most Russian of the Russians" seemed to have anticipated them.

This internationalization of Dostoevsky has not been without its price. Concentrating on the world of his creation, Western critics have tended to ignore that 19th century Russian world in which his creative powers took form, and in response to which they were consciously deployed. Our Dostoevsky has sometimes seemed curiously abstracted, an eccentric genius unbound by time and place.

In his homeland the emphases are reversed. Interpretation moves only among issues certifiably dead, taking up questions from a very short approved list. The socially "progressive" aspects (humanitarian, anti-bourgeois) of the novelist's work are dwelt upon, its "reactionary" complexities (metaphysical, ideological, psychological) passed over in silence or summarily deplored. Soviet scholars write more about *Poor Folk* and *The Insulted and Injured* than about *Notes from Underground* or *The Possessed*. At the same time they have managed to publish an enormous amount of purely documentary material, much of it recently. The complete notebooks are now in print, along with 14 volumes (out of a projected 30) of the fullest critical edition to date.

Now, drawing judiciously on the full range of these materials and interrogating them with an admirable breadth of intellectual awareness, one of our best critics has begun to provide the long-awaited synthesis. The scale is monumental: still to come are three large installments that seek to reground Dostoevsky in the contemporary world that furnished the terms and issues for his astonishing creations.

Joseph Frank's ultimate aim remains to interpret Dostoevsky's art, but he understands that art means more than text. Origin, analogue, function, implication: these are all matters of importance, and Frank pursues them by first establishing the contexts out of which the texts emerged. He considers by turns the personal, the familial, the cultural, literary, social and political.

The result—in contrast to the fashionable sophistications of the "deconstructionists"—is a massive historical reconstruction, sensible and persuasive, designed to make possible "if not a totally different, then a far better understanding of the significance of [Dostoevsky's] achievement." This large design is already well on the way to being realized. Any future writing on Dostoevsky will clearly have to take account of Frank's unrivalled and henceforth fundamental work—a biography both of Dostoevsky and of his writing.

This first volume lays the groundwork, freshly reexamining the central issues in and around the young writer, and tracing his development through initial celebrity up his arrest for subversive activity in April 1849, at the age of 27. Though the writing of this period lacks that complexity of texture and reference that appeared after the purgatory of Siberia, Frank's account of the early years makes clearer than ever before not only how much of the major writer was already latent in the beginner, but how much his dramatic

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evolution had its counterpart in the social-cultural movement of Russia itself.

Dostoevsky grew up in a stable and close-knit family, quite opposite to those chaotic groupings that figure so often in his fiction. But he did nourish a deep ambivalence toward his father in which rebellion struggled with a no less powerful desire to accept, understand and forgive. Detailing this picture with the help of recently-disclosed evidence (and correcting Freud's cavalier account in the process), Frank finds in it a central Dostoevskian pattern—one that was to acquire universal significance when presented in terms of his Christianity. "All of Dostoevsky's later values" are found traceable to "the synthesis of this early psychic need with the religious superstructure that . . . elevated it to the stature of the fulfilment of man's destiny on earth."

Psychic need is shrewdly assessed in these pages, but the dominant emphasis is on "superstructure"—not simply on Dostoevsky's education and reading, but on the spirit of the age as literature, philosophy and politics displayed it. Frank is particularly enlightening in his treatment of the two conflicting Romanticisms, metaphysical and "philanthropic," that retained so strong a hold on Dostoevsky's emotions and between which he could never finally choose. Similarly, the question of socialism as it was conceived in the 1840s—an even more tangled affair involving quasi-Christian and atheistic strains, along with strong personalities espousing weakly-defined doctrines—is set forth with clarity and authority, as is Dostoevsky's place among the radical Petrashevsky circle and its offshoots. Here too is the subtlest analysis to date of the young Dostoevsky's relations with Vissarion Belinsky, the most influential critic of the age.

All this, taken together, represents a major contribution to Russian cultural history, whose very virtues make it resistant to summary. Incidental perceptions are easier to single out, and they are many. Frank's pages on the importance for Dostoevsky of Karamzin and Balzac—not as artists, but as preceptors in a broader sense—are new and important, suggesting the early presence of attitudes usually ascribed only to the post-Siberian period: "If [the Russian pre-romantic] Karamzin had given him a sense that Europe was moribund, it was Balzac who probably first persuaded him that it was totally in thrall to Baal, the flesh-god of materialism, and that it could not escape the catastrophe of a bloody class struggle . . ."

The fiction covered includes *Poor Folk* and *The Double*, a handful of short stories, and the seldom-read *Netochka Nezvanova*, Dostoevsky's first attempt at a large-scale novel, intended to recoup the critical losses that followed his sensational debut. With the possible exception of the last-named, these have already been well covered in English—one thinks immediately of Victor Terras' *The Young Dostoevsky*—but Frank's discussion of them resonates with fresh force against the background of social issues he has so painstakingly filled in.

To see them in this light is, of course, traditionally Russian, and the quasi-Russianness may on occasion strike some readers as excessive. Can one speak of "the *true* state of *the* Russian cultural psyche"? Are there really grounds for finding that in *The Double* "Golyadkin's intolerable guilt feelings at his own modest aspirations disclose the stifling and maiming of personality under a despotic tyranny"? One would like to see the terms questioned a bit more. Did the young writers who entered Russian literature in the 1840s really constitute a "school" whose "members" and "limits" can be named with confidence? Was Dostoevsky ever a "disciple" of Gogol?

This may look like nitpicking, but in a work so nearly definitive I think it is important to signal where the authority seems to falter. It is surprising amid all the detailing of literary background to find no mention at all of Lermontov's major novel, *A Hero of Our Time* (1840), which so strikingly prefigures Dostoevskian psychology with its proclamation that "passions are nothing but ideas beginning to take form" and that "the idea of evil cannot enter a person's head without his wanting to put it into practice." It is even more surprising to read that the protean narrator-performer of Gogol's kaleidoscopic "Overcoat" "speaks personally to the reader, as one man of the world to another"—and puzzling to see *Dead Souls* called "mock-heroic." And though Pushkin's general importance for Dostoevsky is well treated, it is hard to see any warrant for claiming that "the terrified clerks of the early stories could not have existed without *The Bronze Horseman* and *The Stationmaster*," or even for connecting the characters of these two works with those of the young Dostoevsky.

If details like these stand out, it is because the book as a whole demonstrates such high sensitivity to literary values, such scrupulous historical scholarship, and such sane lucidity of judgment. Frank has set a standard that no single book on the subject in any language can match, or is likely to for a long time to come. And the story of the great novels still lies ahead.

Donald Fanger

Donald Fanger is professor of Slavic and comparative literature at Harvard and author of *Dostoevsky and Romantic Realism* (Harvard Univ. Press; $10).

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The Back of the Book

Equality can be shared but it cannot be divided.

It is appropriate in this Bicentennial year that a prominent black historian should raise his voice amid the clamor of self-congratulation. In **RACIAL EQUALITY IN AMERICA,** John Hope Franklin reminds us how, since Jefferson did not include blacks among those "created equal," the resulting legacy of inequality was passed from generation to generation.

Franklin recounts the sorry history of how – until very recently – those in power in this country "have succeeded in achieving the democratically incongruous feat of designating who should be equal and who should not be." He traces, century by century, the official attitudes that perpetuated the myth of black inferiority, pointing out that, even in FDR's administration, neither President nor Congress would support racial equality in relief and employment. Discrimination, Franklin states, was official policy until Truman's time, when the federal government finally began to strive for at least the semblance of racial equality.

"The institution of slavery was profitable," writes Franklin, "but the damage to the national purpose and even to the national character could not be determined by the plantation book-keeper."

RACIAL EQUALITY IN AMERICA
The 1976 Jefferson Lecture in the Humanities, presented by the National Endowment for the Humanities.

$7.95

The University of Chicago Press
Chicago 60637

Taking Stock of Duck Soup

Until this week, in the 11th month of the Bicentennial year, no national organization had done a thing about *Duck Soup*. On November 10th the Smithsonian Institution came to its senses, and ran that great movie on the same program in which Groucho's swallow-tailed coat was presented to the museum. More Marx stuff may follow, but for some the mere sight of *Duck Soup* was momento enough. As our other funniest treatment of American history, it ought to play the Capitol.

People usually say one of two things about Marx Brothers movies—that the jokes mean everything (said by those who find meaning in the films) or that the plots mean nothing (said by those who find no meaning). In *Duck Soup*, to add a third possibility, the plot means everything because in this picture the jokes *are* the plot. There are no piano or harp solos, no Zeppo love story; only events. The trick is to keep them straight.

Rufus T. Firefly (Groucho) is named President of Freedonia at the insistence of Mrs. Teasdale (Margaret Dumont), the wealthiest woman in the country. Firefly's ministry consists of making life difficult for Mrs. Teasdale, for his cabinet, for Ambassador Trentino (Louis Calhern) of the neighboring Sylvania, but not for his brothers. Harpo (Pinky) and Chico (Chicolini) are spies for Sylvania; Firefly treats them well, nevertheless, probably because all three are on the same side, against the others. He appoints Chicolini Secretary of War shortly before Chicolini's trial for treason.

From the outset of his administration Firefly makes it clear that he seeks war for Freedonia: "I've got an appointment to insult Ambassador Trentino and I don't want to keep him waiting." The two Sylvania spies also seek war, and battle their own employer. Trentino welcomes them grandiloquently into his office with "Gentlemen!" which they belie by assaulting Trentino with verbal routines and a pair of scissors:

Trentino: Then you didn't shadow Firefly?

Chicolini: Oh, sure we shadow Firefly. We shadow him all day.

Trentino: But what day was that?

Chicolini: Shadderday! Atsa some joke eh, boss?

Harpo snips off the end of Trentino's cigar, which Trentino studies with brief perplexity.

Meanwhile at home Firefly, called an "upstart" by Trentino, battles his own ministers of Finance, Commerce, Labor and War, the one he replaces with Chico. He finds the Secretary of War "out of order," which is true; Firefly and his brothers have a different idea of order. The Secretary says, "Sir, you try my patience!" to which Firefly predictably replies, "I don't mind if I do. You must come over and try mine some time." "That's the last straw!" says the Secretary, and resigns. But it isn't the last straw. There remains Edgar Kennedy's straw, the lemonade vendor's hat to which Harpo sets fire. And the straw that Firefly discovers during the final war sequence: "Now *that's* the last straw."

These various battles, including the antilogical skirmish between a lemonade stand and a peanut vendor, tend toward the final war. In order to achieve that war Firefly and his brothers must upset the existing flow of events, which as antagonists they regulate. At Chicolini's treason trial one idea of order passes to another. This is the high court where Justice, following Commerce and Labor, begins to go to pieces. Firefly functions as a perfect liberal, first playing judge, then defense attorney. In order to prove the feeble-mindedness of his client, he asks Chicolini to pick a number from one to 10. "Eleven." "Right." Things are getting out of hand. Chicolini is about to be sentenced to 10 years in Leavenworth or 11 years in Twelveworth. Suddenly a messenger announces that Sylvanian troops are on Freedonia soil. War is declared. The Marx Brothers are in control.

What has seemed so destructive a story to this point has, in Marx Brothers terms, been creative. Harpo's looping his

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leg over Edgar Kennedy's empty hand is not a disruption of Kennedy's posture, but an embellishment of it; in Harpo's "reasoning" that hand was unoccupied anyway. What Harpo does to objects Chico does to language, treating consecutive conversation as a threat to life. Trentino's cavernous office only comes alive when the spies enter. The same is true for the cabinet and courtroom when Firefly presides. Like the ship's stateroom in *A Night at the Opera*, these places had nothing but space until the Marxes filled them. The Brothers assume rightly that nothing exists until their appearance.

When Groucho delivers his monologues, he fills the silence. People in the background, whether they are listening to him or not, say nothing; there is none of the false mumbling one gets elsewhere in the interests of verisimilitude, and never a sign of approval. Groucho's audiences, such as at Firefly's inaugural ball, seem petrified in both senses. Whenever Groucho is given authority, therefore, as he always is in Marx Brothers pictures (opera company manager, house doctor, college president, prime minister) he settles new territory—the past is frozen—and creates the job he has been given. Enter then his brothers who seem reborn for every movie, two aides, like himself, living solely for the present.

Of course the Marxes' present has no connection with anyone else's. Trentino seeks information at once, and Pinky clips off his coattails. The Minister of Finance wishes to discuss the tariff at the cabinet meeting, but is told by Firefly that that is new business. He brings up the tariff under new business, but is called out of order for bringing up old business. "But I saw you leave with my own eyes," says Mrs. Teasdale to Chico in his Groucho disguise. "Who are you going to believe? Me, or you own eyes?" The Marxes really only understand each other:

Firefly: Now what is it that has four pairs of pants, lives in Philadelphia, and it never rains but it pours?

Chicolini: Atsa good one. I give you three guesses.

Firefly: Now, lemme see. Has four pairs of pants, lives in Philadelphia. Is it male or female?

Chicolini: No, I no think so.

Firefly: Is he dead?

Chicolini: Who?

Firefly: I don't know. I give up.

Chicolini: I give up too.

Oddly, the only outsider who understands them is Margaret Dumont. Her colossal respectability is as preposterous as the Marxes' irreverence, and in her own way she is just as subversive. A woman as large as the ship of state, with a hair-do like the Statue of Liberty, extends Firefly the good wishes of every man, woman and child in the nation. "Never mind that stuff. Take a card." Take a card—me. Take a chance on the draw and the shuffle, which Mrs. Teasdale is willing, even anxious, to do. When Groucho and Dumont ogle each other, we see two opposite worlds of thought disbelieving the other's existence. Yet, in all their movies Dumont is always hiring Groucho to take charge (of a country, a university, a sanitorium, an opera company); and Groucho is ever seeking Dumont's hand and fortune. The square and the "upstart" were meant for each other, and would have no one else.

Until the scene in the courtroom we have been able to keep up with events. From here on, however, the Marxes accelerate because they are about to make their point—through the events themselves. As soon as they start to lead a massive chorus in the courtroom—"At last the country's going to war. This is a fact we can't ignore"—shifting instantly from parodies of Busby Berkeley, Cab Calloway and *Porgy and Bess*, to World War I fight songs, and Gilbert and Sullivan; as soon as the three of them make xylophone music on the helmets of the guards; as soon as they whip out banjos from nowhere and go into a minstrel number—"They got guns, we got guns, all God's chillun got guns"; as soon as they start a ho-down, and then freeze in a tableau of Minutemen about to send Paul Revere (Harpo) on his ride; as soon as three lights glow in the North Church steeple—all within seconds—we realize, or ought to, that we are in another league.

The war that follows between Freedonia and Sylvania has so much action occurring simultaneously, that it is literally, and deliberately, impossible to catch at one sitting. In one sequence Groucho wears a Union Army cap and 18th century ruffles; then a Confederate general's outfit, a Doughboy uniform, and a coonskin cap. Harpo wears the hat of a 19th century naval commander. Chicolini keeps switching sides. There are horses, tanks, gas attacks (both kinds), rockets and muskets. The house in which the Marxes are barricaded alternately resembles a bunker and colonial fort.

In all this, the central joke is a water pitcher that slips quickly and casually on Groucho's head. At once we see a man with a great white pitcher where his face was seconds before. Henri Bergson said that laughter is caused by the imposition of mechanical matter on the human form. Responding to the emergency, Harpo paints an excellent facsimile of Groucho's face on the outside of the pitcher. Mechanical matter has imposed itself on the human form, but the human form has retaliated. Then, in a flash, the joke is over. Explosives are inserted in the pitcher, we wince, and Groucho is restored.

Throughout the movie there has been joke after joke on questions of identity. The spies shadow the wrong man. Firefly does not know whether he is in or out because Chicolini grabs the phone to tell a caller that he is out. Harpo identifies himself by displaying a tatoo of his face on his forearm. The three brothers dress as one and appear to be the same person to Mrs. Teasdale. Even as mirror images in the famous nightshirt scene they cannot tell each other apart. Now, at the end, an artifact from the real world has taken over Groucho's face. But the Marxes prevail. They paint the world to their specifications, blow it apart, and reassert their presence—not the presence of the individual (who cares which Firefly is the real Firefly or who shadows whom?)—but the presence of laughter. Laughter is their ultimate weapon, in a way what their war was fought for.

When finally everything looks lost for Freedonia, when all costumes have been worn and the house half blown away, the enemy attacks. The Marxes blackjack the Sylvanians as they enter: a turning point. Then Trentino comes in, and is immediately trapped in the doorway like a human target at a carnival, while the Marxes pitch fruit at him. Mrs. Teasdale, jubilant, starts to sing the Freedonia national anthem, and the Marxes turn on her instead, not just because of her voice, but because she is signalling the end of the war, the last laugh. They had to let her have it. How could anyone sing at a time like that?

The Marx Brothers got their war, all right, but who were they fighting? The war seems to have been merely against the status quo, against normal length cigars and ceremonial greetings; against people in full dress standing around

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ballrooms like mannequins; against cabinet ministers whose talk gets nowhere; against meaningless rules of diplomacy, and dead language. But the status quo has attacked as well, by means of its inactivity. There is something offensive about persistent security and stateliness, to the Marxes and ourselves. In a way the Marxes served as revolutionaries in our behalf.

The fact that they know this about us, our automatic irritations at stability, and that they take our latent disruptiveness upon themselves, is the great underground joke of the movie, the joke of the plot. Throughout the story the Marxes have been mocking our dual capacity for standing at attention, and shooting from the hip. Beneath the ceremonies, *we* are upstarts. The Marxes take up our cause and lead the charge. Harpo rides to spread warning, until he spies a blond in a window, and we hear "Ain't She Sweet." At the end of his patriotic burst he is in bed with his horse, an act of supreme domestication, and the horse laughs at a nation of instant revolutions.

The terrible speed with which the Brothers change outfits is beyond our capacity to catch everything. Each uniform is of a different war, all ours, all of which were fought for grand purposes. The Marxes assult us, then, with our own history, our own plot—the hasty interchange of violence and complacency—faster than the eye can see. What they suggest is that it is we who have been the real quick change artists and double talkers, playing in a narrative of mayhem that makes their antics look tame and orderly in comparison. We were their targets all along, sitting ducks at that: duck soup.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence

Hearts and Minds

To the editors:

I feel that Tad Szulc's composite Hungarian—acquiescent and often cynical—is based on only a small stratum of the population, *i.e.*, one segment of urban English-speakers ("Hungary Between Two Worlds," *TNR*, Oct. 16). It is not possible that "very few Hungarians are even aware that this is the 20th anniversary of the 1956 uprising."

In any case, Mr. Szulc doesn't have wide contacts with the 1956 freedom fighters outside Hungary because, after 20 years, although some are given visas for Hungary, others, particularly those with an identifiable role in the Revolution, are definitely not. Probably the present Hungarian authorities are uneasy as to the effect that their presence would have on that part of the population, one might even say that part of the individual, which Mr. Szulc does not seem to have reached.

Edith H. Jonas
Albuquerque, New Mexico

OK to Print

To the editors:

It is, from my experience, not simply a semantic distinction that the forum for readers to express themselves is called something on the order of "Letters to the Editor" in most newspapers and periodicals and "Correspondence" in *TNR*.

"Letters" is generally a one-way arrangement—the reader writes. "Correspondence" connotes more a back-and-forth arrangement.

To two letters I submitted to *TNR* in the past year, neither of which was printed, I received cordial and thoughtful responses from editors Marshall and Peretz. Whether *TNR* responds to all letters I cannot say—and doubt. But it was gratifying to me and should be an encouragement to others to know that the other end is not always and necessarily an editorial room waste basket for letters that are not printed.

Jacob S. Hurwitz
Woodmere, New York

The Classifieds

Personals

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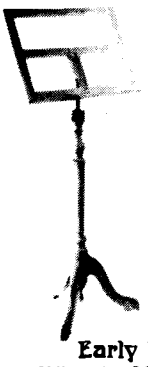

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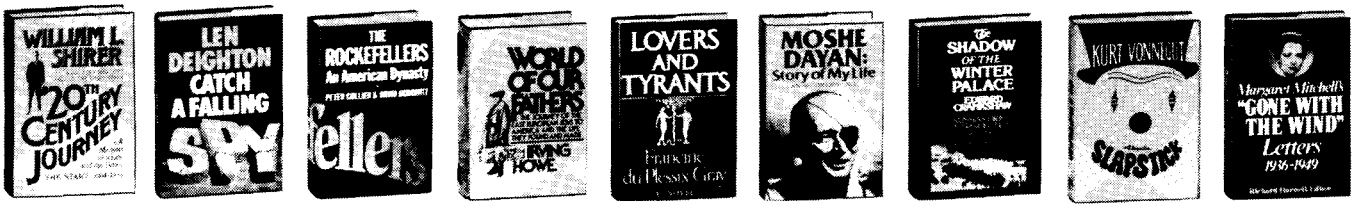
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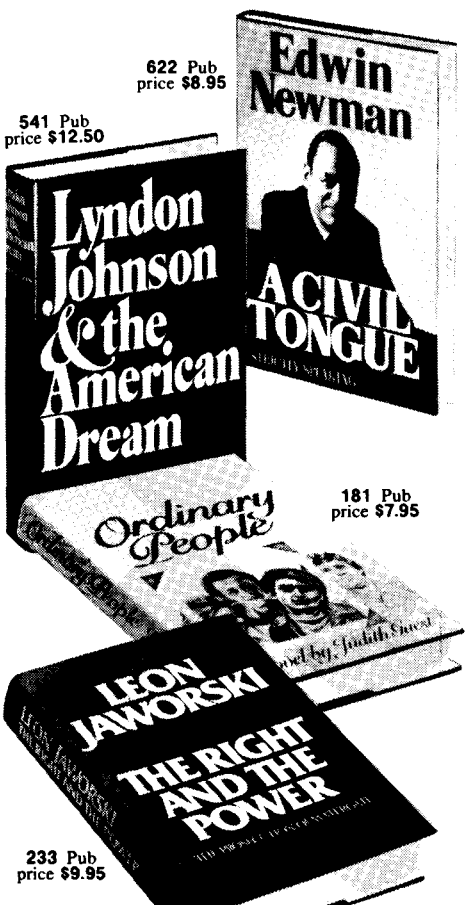

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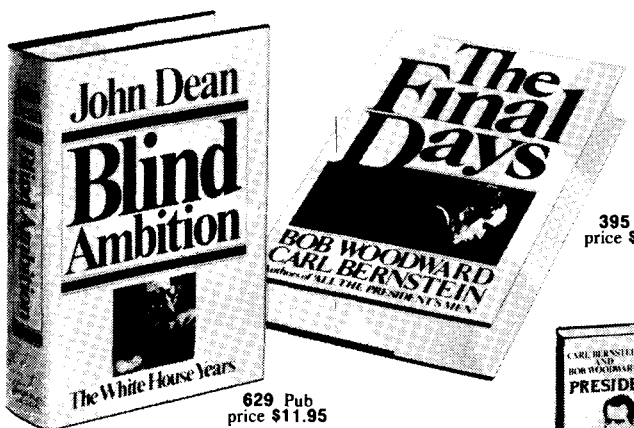

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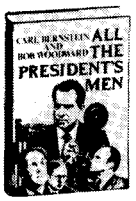

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